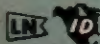


T
E
R
R
O
R



NO. 42
JULY



10¢

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

®

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE NEWSDEALERS OF AMERICA ARE SCREAMING...

STOPPIT!



BECAUSE, WITH JUST ONE DAY'S DISPLAY...

POOF! THERE GOES PANIC!

SO IF YOU'RE **SELF CONSCIOUS** IN A **B.O. (BUYING OUT) CROWD...** IF **PANIC** GOES **POOF!** TOO QUICKLY WHERE YOU BROWSE... IF YOU'D RATHER NOT **PERSPIRE** TILL THE NEXT ISSUE COMES IN... THEN **SUBSCRIBE!** FILL OUT THE **COUPON**, ENCLOSE **ONE DOLLAR** FOR **EIGHT (8) ISSUES**, AND **MAIL!** JUST GIVE THE ENVELOPE A **GENTLE SQUEEZE**, AND **POOF!...** SAY GOODBYE TO **ORDER PROBLEMS!** THE ONLY THING YOU'LL HAVE **LEFT** TO WORRY ABOUT THEN IS AN **OFFENSIVE MAILMAN!**

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF PANIC
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00). PLEASE RUSH ME THE NEXT EIGHT DEODORIZED ISSUES OF **PANIC**. I WANT TO SAY **'POOF!'** TO MY FRIENDS!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

GREETINGS, BOILS AND GHOULS! WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE MAGAZINE VOTED, "I'D MOST LIKE TO BE SHIPWRECKED ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH, IF MARILYN MONROE WERE ALONG TOO!" HMMM! THERE MUST BE AN HONOR IN THAT SOMEWHERE. ANYWAY, IT'S YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER AGAIN, WELCOMING YOU TO ANOTHER SLIMY SESSION OF SICKENING SELECTIONS STARTING WITH THIS SCREAM-STORY GUARANTEED TO DRIVE YOU NOTES! IT'S A MASTERPIECE OF MUSICAL MORBIDITY... A FAVORITE OF MINE! I CALL THIS DISGUSTING DELVING INTO DELIRIUM...

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and WEREWOLF



SACHA BARAK, THE FAMED CONCERT VIOLINIST, CLUTCHED HIS PRECIOUS *STRADIVARIUS* PROTECTIVELY TO HIS BREAST AND CURSED SOFTLY TO HIMSELF AS THE OLD COACH RUMBLLED AND BUMPED OVER THE RUTTED ROAD THROUGH THE ROMANIAN COUNTRYSIDE. THE OLD COACH HAD BEEN THE ONLY MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION AVAILABLE TO SACHA. TAXI DRIVERS HAD LOOKED AT HIM WIDE-EYED AND TURNED AWAY WHEN HE TOLD THEM HIS DESTINATION. SO HE'D CLIMBED INTO THE ANCIENT VEHICLE, WITH ITS TIGHT-LIPPED DRIVER, AND NOW HE WAS BEING WHIPPED AND JOSTLED ABOUT AS IT THUNDERED INTO THE NIGHT...

BLAST! THESE CONFOUNDED TRANSYLVANIAN HIGHWAYS ARE EVEN *WORSE* THAN I REMEMBER THEM. IF IT WEREN'T TO SEE *VASILE IORGA*, I WOULD NEVER EVEN *ATTEMPT* SUCH A JOURNEY!

THE FOAM-FLECKED HORSE CHARGED INTO THE OMINOUS BLACK HILLS WITHOUT SLACKENING ITS MAD PACE. SACHA LEANED FROM THE COACH WINDOW AND SHOUTED AT THE DRIVER, WHO REMAINED AS HE HAD BEEN FROM THE START OF THE TRIP, SULLEN AND MUTE...

SLOW DOWN, YOU FOOL! DO YOU WANT TO GET US BOTH KILLED?!



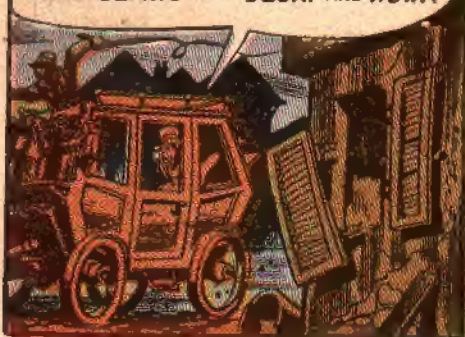
SO THE FAMED VIOLINIST COULD ONLY PRAY FOR SAFE DELIVERANCE TO HIS DESTINATION. SOON, THE CREAKING GROANING COACH CLATTERED LOUDLY OVER COBBLESTONES. THEY WERE PASSING THROUGH A TOWN THAT SACHA RECOGNIZED...

CHISASI! THANK HEAVENS! ONLY SEVEN MORE MILES TO BRUDJA!



THE LAST SEVEN MILES BETWEEN CHISASI AND BRUDJA WERE EVEN WORSE THAN WHAT HAD GONE BEFORE. THE COACH BOUNCED AND HEAVED OVER THE PITTED AND SCARRED DIRT ROAD. BUT AT LAST...

SO THIS IS BRUDJA! NO WONDER THEY DON'T PAVE THE ROAD HERE. ONLY A FOOL WOULD COME TO THIS GOD-FORSAKEN TOWN NOW! WHY EVERYTHING IS MOLDERING WITH DECAY AND ROT..



HEH, HEH! 'ONLY A FOOL', HE SAYS. PARDON MY PUTRID PUN, KIDDIES, BUT YOU'VE NEVER SEEN SACHA FOOL AS SACHA... RISKING HIS NECK AND A \$28,000 FIDDLE TO REACH THIS HORRIBLE HAM-LET! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN...



VASILE IORGA LIVED IN AN ANCIENT HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF TOWN. SACHA STOOD BEFORE THE MAN HE'D DREAMED SO LONG OF SEEING, BUT TIME HAD DONE ITS WORK ON HIS OLD TEACHER...

NO! I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MAESTRO! IT'S YOUR OLD PUPIL... SACHA... SACHA BARAK!



SACHA ALMOST WEPT AS HE LOOKED AT THE FACE OF HIS TEACHER... A FACE THAT HAD ONCE BEEN SO HANDSOME AND POWERFUL AND NOBLE, BUT NOW WAS WITHERED AND TOOTHLESS, WITH FADED WATERY EYES. VASILE WAS A MERE SHELL OF THE STRICT, STERN MAESTRO SACHA HAD SO LONG REVERED...

FORGIVE ME, SACHA! I DO NOT SEE AS WELL AS I USED TO! HOW GOOD OF YOU TO REMEMBER...

AS IF I COULD EVER FORGET THE MAN WHO RECOGNIZED MY TALENT WHEN I WAS BUT A CHILD... AND TAUGHT ME ALL I KNOW.



SUDDENLY, SACHA NOTICED THE OLD MAN STIFFEN... SAW HIS FACE GROW GREY AND HIS EYES FILL WITH TERROR...

SACHA! YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME TO VISIT ME HERE IN BRUDJA! IT IS DANGEROUS...

DANGEROUS?! WHY, MAESTRO?



THE OLD MAN LOOKED AROUND UNEASILY, THEN STARED AT HIS FORMER PUPIL AND WHISPERED...

DON'T YOU REMEMBER, SACHA? THIS IS WERE-WOLF COUNTRY! DON'T YOU RECALL THE INCIDENT THAT TOOK PLACE ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS LIVING IN GHISASI AND YOU USED TO COME FOR LESSONS?

HOW COULD I? SO MANY THINGS HAVE HAPPENED SINCE! WHAT INCIDENT?



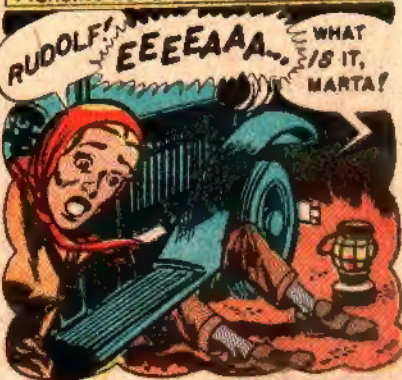
'DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT YOUNG COUPLE? THEY'D DRIVEN HERE FROM BUDAPEST, IMPULSIVELY RISKING A TOUR THROUGH THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS. THE RUGGED ROAD BETWEEN GHISASI AND BRUDJA HAD PROVEN TOO MUCH FOR THEIR MOTOR CAR...

BE PATIENT, MARTA! I WILL FIND THE TROUBLE IN A MOMENT!

IF YOU DON'T, I SHALL FREEZE IN THIS MOUNTAIN NIGHT AIR, RUDOLF!



'A FULL MOON HAD RISEN, FILTERING THROUGH THE SNARLED OLD TREES, AND AN OMINOUS SILENCE HAD ENVELOPED THE LONELY SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE. A RUSTLING OF NEARBY BRAMBLES CAUSED THE WOMAN TO TURN HER HEAD, AND WHAT SHE SAW BROUGHT A SOUL-PIERCING SCREAM FROM HER THROAT...



'IT WAS A WEREWOLF! IT SPRANG UPON THE YOUNG WOMAN, SINKING ITS RAZOR-SHARP FANGS INTO HER SOFT WHITE FLESH... WHILE THE YOUNG MAN SCRAMBLED FROM BENEATH THE CAR...



'AS THE YOUNG MAN CAME AT THE Slobbering, SNARLING, BLOODTHIRSTY WEREWOLF, IT FLED, SHAKING WITH HORROR, HE FLUNG HIS LANTERN AFTER THE FLEEING BEAST. THE LANTERN SHATTERED AGAINST A TREE TRUNK, BURSTING INTO FLAME, AND HE SAW, BY THE SUDDEN LIGHT, HIS WIFE'S ARM DANGLING FROM THE WEREWOLF'S DROOLING MOUTH...



'DON'T YOU REMEMBER, SACHA? YOU HEARD THE SCREAMS... THE GROWLS... THE COMMOTION OUTSIDE. YOU WANTED TO GO...

NEVER MIND, SACHA! YOUR DEBUT IS ONLY TWO WEEK OFF! WE MUST PRACTICE. IT IS NOTHING! GET BACK TO YOUR MUSIC STAND!

BUT, MAESTRO! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG! LOOK! MEN RUNNING... WITH LANTERNS...



'DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE WOMAN LYING BESIDE THE CAR, HER EYES STARING, HER FACE ASHEN... AND HER HUSBAND LISTENING IN HORROR TO THE WORDS...



SHE'S... DEAD!

NO! OH, LORD... NO!

MAESTRO! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?

COME AWAY, SACHA! COME AWAY!

THE OLD TEACHER FINISHED HIS STORY WITH A SIGH. SACHA NOTICED THAT HE WAS SHAKING AND COVERED WITH SWEAT, AND HIS TOOTHLESS OLD MOUTH QUIVERED...

DON'T YOU REMEMBER? OH, YES! OF COURSE, MAESTRO! I DO REMEMBER! BUT

THE EXPLANATION OF THE INCIDENT WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH. THE WOODS ARE FULL OF WOLVES! THEY'VE BEEN KNOWN TO ATTACK A MAN.

THERE HAVE BEEN MORE INCIDENTS, SACHA! HERE! READ THIS NEWSPAPER SENT TO ME FROM BUCHAREST!

DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THERE IS A WEREWOLF HERE IN BRUDJA?

I ASK YOU TO BELIEVE THIS! SEE THE DATE? NEARLY TWO MONTHS AGO! READ...

'A MEMBER OF BUCHAREST SOCIETY PAID WITH HIS LIFE LAST NIGHT WHEN HE IGNORED THE WARNING TO STAY AWAY FROM THE TRANSYLVANIAN TOWN OF BRUDJA. THERE WAS A FULL MOON, AND HIS BODY, STRIPPED OF FLESH, WAS FOUND ...

THE OLD MAN POINTED TO THE ARTICLE IN THE NEWSPAPER...

'THERE WAS A FULL MOON,' SACHA! A LYCANTHROPIC MOON. IN TWO DAYS, THERE'LL BE ANOTHER! I BEG OF YOU, DO NOT STAY IN BRUDJA!

NONSENSE, MAESTRO! I AM AS SAFE HERE AS YOU ARE! IF I AM NOT WELCOME IN YOUR HOME, I WILL GO TO THE INN. BUT I WILL NOT BE FRIGHTENED INTO LEAVING BRUDJA!

THE OLD MAESTRO SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS...

YOU WERE ALWAYS STUBBORN, SACHA! AND I DO WANT YOU TO STAY. IT'S JUST THAT, AT THIS TIME OF THE MONTH... AND A STRANGER IN TOWN... WELL... PROMISE ME YOU'LL KEEP YOUR BEDROOM WINDOWS AND DOOR LOCKED...

OF COURSE, MAESTRO! I KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF! LOOK...

SACHA OPENED HIS SUITCASE AND TOOK OUT HIS REVOLVER...

I CARRY IT TO PROTECT MYSELF AND MY STRADIVARIUS...

A STRADIVARIUS! A GENUINE STRADIVARIUS! LET ME SEE!

OLD VASILE OPENED SACHA'S VIOLIN CASE AND DREW FORTH THE STRADIVARIUS. HE FONDLED IT REVERENTLY AS SACHA STARED AT HIS GUN...

IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, MAESTRO, LEGEND HAS IT THAT ONLY A SILVER BULLET CAN KILL A WEREWOLF!

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! IT... EH? SACHA! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

SACHA'S EYES NARROWED. HE SMILED GRIMLY...

I'M THINKING ABOUT KILLING ME A WERE-WOLF, VASILE. DO YOU HAVE AN IRON KETTLE I MAY USE TO MELT DOWN SOME SILVER...

DON'T BE A FOOL, SACHA! WHY RISK YOUR LIFE?



I AM NO FOOL, MAESTRO! THINK OF THE PUBLICITY I WILL RECEIVE... HEADLINES IN ALL THE PAPERS THROUGHOUT EUROPE! 'FAMED VIOLINIST FREES ROMANY TOWN OF RAMPAGING WEREWOLF!' YOU SEE, VASILE, THERE'S MORE TO SUCCESS THAN MERE GENIUS! EVEN I MUST HAVE PUBLICITY!



SO STOP WORRYING ABOUT ME, TELL YOU WHAT! YOU MAY PLAY MY STRADIVARIUS AS LONG AS I STAY HERE. THERE! NOW GET ME THAT KETTLE...



SACHA SPENT THE NEXT FEW HOURS IN THE CELLAR, MELTING DOWN SILVER COINS AND POURING THE MOLTEN SILVER INTO A MOLD HE'D MADE BY PRESSING THE SLUG FROM AN ORDINARY BULLET INTO MOIST EARTH. AND AS HE WORKED, ELEGIAC STRAINS OF A SAD GYPSY AIR PLAYED ON THE STRADIVARIUS BY THE FALTERING HANDS OF HIS OLD TEACHER FILTERED DOWN FROM THE PARLOR...

HMMM! THE OLD BOY CAN STILL PLAY...



WHEN THE SILVER SLUGS WERE COOLED, SACHA REMOVED THE LEAD SLUGS FROM THE REGULAR BULLETS AND REPLACED THE SILVER ONES IN THE STEEL JACKETS. HE WENT UPSTAIRS, FILLED THE CHAMBERS OF HIS REVOLVER WITH HIS HANDIWORK, AND PLACED THE GUN IN HIS OVERCOAT POCKET...

THERE, MAESTRO! NOW I'M READY FOR THE WEREWOLF OF BRUDJA!

SUCH TONE, SACHA. SUCH MELLOW SOUNDS COME FROM THIS GLO-RI-ous INSTRUMENT!



THE NEXT MORNING, EVEN THOUGH THE OLD MAESTRO WARNED HIM AGAINST IT, SACHA WALKED INTO TOWN. THE SUN BEAT DOWN ON THE MARKETPLACE, BUT THE WARMTH IT BROUGHT WAS NOT ENOUGH TO OFFSET THE COLD, SUSPICIOUS STARES OF THE TOWNSFOLK...

HMMM! NOT A FRIENDLY FACE AMONG THEM! THE WAY THEY LOOK AT ME, YOU'D THINK I WAS THE WEREWOLF...



BUT THERE WAS MORE THAN SUSPICION AND COLD-NESS IN THE TOWNSPEOPLES STARES, SACHA SEEMED TO SENSE A CERTAIN TENSENESS...PERHAPS HOSTILITY. HE PLUNGED HIS HAND INTO HIS OVERCOAT POCKETS, FEELING FOR THE REASSURING STEEL OF HIS REVOLVER...

CHOKE... MY GUN! IT'S GONE!



SACHA RETURNED AT ONCE TO VASILE IORGA'S HOUSE. HE WAS VERY UPSET AND SPOKE EXCITEDLY TO THE OLD VIOLIN TEACHER...

I THOUGHT IT WAS ACCIDENTAL THAT SOMEONE JOSTLED ME WHEN I FIRST ENTERED THE MARKETPLACE, BUT NOW I REALIZE THAT HE MUST HAVE **STOLEN MY GUN**. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, VASILE? ONE OF YOUR TOWNSPEOPLE IS THE WERE-WOLF.

NOW THAT YOUR GUN IS GONE, PERHAPS YOU WILL LEAVE!



SACHA STARED AT HIS TOOTHLESS MAESTRO...

WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DID ANYONE KNOW I HAD A GUN? HOW DID THEY KNOW IT WAS LOADED WITH SILVER BULLETS? HOW COULD THEY? VASILE! YOU...

YES, SACHA! IT WAS I! I TOOK THE GUN FROM YOUR POCKET AND THREW IT DOWN THE WELL! IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE I AM AFRAID FOR YOU...



THE OLD MAN BEGAN TO CRY...

I DID IT FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, SACHA! NOW YOU ARE ANGRY AT ME!

ANGRY AT YOU? NO, MAESTRO! I AM TOUCHED BY YOUR CONCERN FOR MY SAFETY. BUT I HAVE NO INTENTION OF LEAVING BRUDJA!



THAT NIGHT, A GIBBOUS MOON, NOT QUITE FULL, BATHED THE OLD MAESTRO'S HOUSE IN A COLD PALE LIGHT. INSIDE, SACHA SCANNED A NEWS-PAPER WHILE VASILE PLAYED THE VALUABLE VIOLIN...

WHY THIS IS LAST MONTH'S BUGHAREST JOURNAL, VASILE. AND IT CAME TODAY.

THE MAIL IS SLOW COMING TO BRUDJA, SACHA! YOU CAN UNDERSTAND!



SACHA WAS WELL INTO THE PAPER BEFORE A REPORT CAUGHT HIS EYE. HE LEAPED UP WITH A START...

VASILE! LISTEN TO THIS! "THERE WAS A FULL MOON LAST NIGHT WHEN FIVE PERSONS FROM CHISASI BECAME DRUNK WHILE CELEBRATING A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY AND WANDERED INTO THE ILL-FAMED TOWN OF BRUDJA..."



"...A SEARCHING PARTY FOUND THE FIVE BODIES THE NEXT DAY OUTSIDE THE TOWN. THEY HAD ALL BEEN STRIPPED OF THEIR FLESH... 'BARE SKELETONS'... 'UNIDENTIFYABLE'..."

YES, SACHA! THAT HAPPENED LAST MONTH...



YOU SEE, IT HAS HAPPENED SO MANY TIMES TO SO MANY HUNDREDS OF POOR UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE OVER THE YEARS, THAT WE HERE IN BRUDJA ARE NO LONGER SHOCKED BY IT!

I RECALL SOMETHING I READ ON MY LAST CONCERT TOUR, VASILE! I WONDER... HMMM! OF COURSE! HOW STUPID OF ME! TOMORROW, I AM GOING INTO CHISASI... FOR ANOTHER GUN...



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, SACHA BARAK, THE FAMED VIOLINIST, WALKED THE SEVEN MILES TO CHISASI IN ORDER TO PURCHASE THE GUN AND BULLETS HE NEEDED. HE CARRIED HIS EMPTY VIOLIN CASE...

I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED! WELL, TONIGHT THE MOON WILL BE FULL AND I WILL BE WAITING FOR THEM... IN THE MARKETPLACE...



IT WAS PAST NOON WHEN HE RETURNED TO VASILE'S HOME. HE GRINNED CONFIDENTIALLY AS HE SHOWED THE OLD MAN THE GUN HE'D BOUGHT...

... AND TONIGHT I WILL GO INTO TOWN CARRYING MY VIOLIN CASE... AND WHO WOULD SUSPECT IT CONCEALS A GUN...

NO ONE! OF COURSE!



THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON WAS SPENT IN THE CELLAR, CAREFULLY MOLDING BULLETS FROM MOLTEN SILVER...



AND WHEN TWILIGHT WAS BEGINNING TO SHROUD THE TOWN, SACHA RETURNED TO THE PARLOR WITH HIS SILVER AMMUNITION, LOADED HIS GUN, AND REPLACED IT IN THE VIOLIN CASE...

THERE! DONE! AND NOW... GOOD HEAVENS, VASILE, DON'T YOU EVER TIRE OF PLAYING THE VIOLIN?

NOT THIS ONE, SACHA! NOT A STRADIVARIUS! BESIDES, YOU SAID I COULD PLAY IT WHILE YOU STAYED...



SACHA RESTED IN HIS ROOM, LISTENING TO THE LILTING STRAINS OF THE VIOLIN. SUDDENLY HE FELT VASILE'S HANDS SHAKING HIM...

IT IS ALMOST TIME, SACHA! THE MOON IS ALMOST FULL! COME! LET US GO!

US!? NO SIR, OLD MAN! YOU'RE STAYING HERE! YOU TOLD ME YOURSELF IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS...



BUT VASILE INSISTED THAT HE WOULD FOLLOW SACHA ANYWAY, SO THEY WALKED INTO TOWN TOGETHER. ABOVE, THE MOON CAST AN EERIE GLOW UPON THE COBBLESTONE STREETS. THE MARKETPLACE WAS DESERTED, YET SACHA WAS AWARE OF A FRIGHTENING PRESENCE... SOMETHING HE COULD ONLY FEEL INSTINCTIVELY. THE WEIGHT OF THE WEAPON IN THE VIOLIN CASE COMFORTED HIM...



AND THEN, SLOWLY, THE FRIGHTENING PRESENCE MADE ITSELF KNOWN. THE TOWNSPEOPLE... ALL OF THE POPULATION OF BRUDJA... BEGAN TO APPEAR FROM ALLEYS AND DOORWAYS AND DEEP SHADOWS. THEY CAME TOWARD SACHA AND VASILE...



AND AS THEY CAME, SACHA COULD SEE THEIR RED EYES GLOWING IN THE FULL MOONLIGHT, AND THE HAIR BRISTLING ON THEIR FACES, AND THEIR GLEAMING WHITE FANGS DRIPPING SPITTLE. HE COULD SEE THEIR SNARLING, DROOLING, WERE-WOLF FACES, AND HE RETCHED IN DISGUST...



AND THEN SACHA BEGAN TO LAUGH. HE KNELT AND PLACED THE VIOLIN CASE ON THE COBBLE-STONES, FUMBLING WITH THE LATCHES...

I *KNEW* I WAS RIGHT! WHEN I READ IN THE PAPER THAT *FIVE* BODIES WERE *STRIPPED* OF THEIR FLESH, I *KNEW* THERE HAD TO BE MORE THAN ONE WEREWOLF!



HE SHRIEKED SHRILLY AT THEM, HIS WORDS MINGLING WITH THEIR LOW THROATED GROWLS. HE OPENED THE VIOLIN CASE...

AND THEN I REMEMBERED A STORY I'D READ IN AN AMERICAN COMIC BOOK ON MY LAST CONCERT TOUR... A STORY CALLED 'MIDNIGHT MESS' IN A MAGAZINE CALLED *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*... ABOUT A TOWNFUL OF VAMPIRES! AND I *KNEW*! I KNEW THAT BRUDJA WAS A TOWNFUL OF WEREWOLVES. AND I *KNEW* I'D HAVE TO BE READY FOR YOU...



THE SNARLING HOWLING BEASTS WERE ALMOST UPON HIM NOW... AND THEIR HOWLING SOUNDED LIKE LAUGHTER TOO. SACHA REACHED FOR THE GUN...

WELL, I *AM* READY FOR YOU... *ALL* OF YOU! BECAUSE I'VE GOT A GUN... LOADED WITH SILVER BULLETS! NOT JUST ANY GUN! A THOMPSON SUB-MACHINE GUN! I'M READY... FOR... FOR... GOOD LORD!

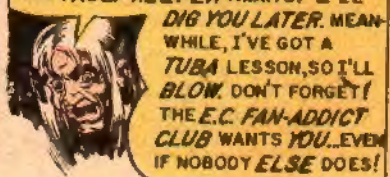


SACHA'S LAUGHTER CHOKED BACK IN HIS THROAT AND THE HOWLING CAME UP AS THE BEASTS SPRANG UPON HIM. FOR THERE WAS NO SUB-MACHINE GUN IN HIS VIOLIN CASE... ONLY A USELESS OLD STRADIVARIUS! AND AS FLASHING DROOLING TEETH TORE AND RIPPED AND GORED SACHA, HE HEARD HIS OLD MAESTRO'S SQUEALING VOICE...

CAREFUL OF THE VIOLIN! AND SAVE SOME SOFT PART FOR A TOOTHLESS OLD WEREWOLF. REMEMBER! I BROUGHT HIM! I FIXED THINGS! I TOOK OUT THE GUN...



AND THAT'S MY VIOLENT VIOLIN PIECE, KIDDIES. LET IT BE A LESSON TO YOU. DON'T FIDDLE AROUND WITH WEREWOLVES OR YOU MIGHT END UP LISTENING TO A FUNERAL MARCH. IF SACHA'D ONLY HAD A BETTER MEMORY, HE WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT HIS OLD MAESTRO ALWAYS PULLED A SWITCH ON HIM. YOU'VE HEARD THE EXPRESSION, BEAT ME MAESTRO, EIGHT TO THE SODA FOUNTAIN! BAR WAS CENSORED BY A BLUE-NOSE ASSISTANT EDITOR WE'VE GOT! NOW, THE VAULT-KEEPER AWAITS. I'LL DIG YOU LATER. MEANWHILE, I'VE GOT A TUBA LESSON, SO I'LL BLOW. DON'T FORGET! THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB WANTS YOU... EVEN IF NOBODY ELSE DOES!



THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! AND NOW IT'S MY TURN TO FREEZE THE WATERY BLOOD IN YOUR DISTENDED VEINS, KIDDIES! SO VENTURE INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR. AND YOUR HOST IN HOWLS, THE VAULT-KEEPER, WILL ENTERTAIN YOU WITH ANOTHER SCREAM-STORY FROM MY COLLECTION OF TERROR TOMES. I CALL THIS YELP-YARN...

BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

J. KAMER-

A SICKENING SWEET SMELL OF FLOWERS MIXED WITH THE BLUNT AROMA OF BURNING WAX. YELLOW CANDLE FLAMES FED ON WHAT FRESH AIR SEEPED INTO THE PARLOR OF HAYSON'S FUNERAL HOME. FRANK WILLIAMS LOOKED FOR THE LAST TIME AT JOAN LORIN'S LOVELY WHITE FACE...THE DEATH-MASK FACE OF HIS BRIDE-NEVER-TO-BE. MR. HAYSON TIPTOED RESPECTFULLY ACROSS THE THICK RED CARPET AND SPOKE IN A DOLEFUL VOICE, JUST ABOVE A WHISPER...THE DEAD GIRL'S MOTHER'S SOFT, UNCEASING SOBS FORMING A BACKGROUND FOR THE UNDERTAKER'S IRONIC WORDS...

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, MR WILLIAMS SHE WASN'T LIKE THAT WHEN THEY BROUGHT HER IN, BUT EARL PUT EVERYTHING HE HAD INTO THE JOB BECAUSE HE'S YOUR BEST FRIEND AND HE WAS TO BE YOUR BEST MAN

YOU'LL. YOU'LL THANK EARL FOR ME...WHEN YOU SEE HIM!



HARRY MARTIN STEPPED FORWARD OUT OF THE SHADOWS. HE REACHED FOR FRANK'S ARM.

C'MON, FRANK! LET'S GO. I LL BUY YOU A DRINK!

TH-THANKS, HARRY!



FRANK WILLIAMS PICKED UP HIS BAGS AND LET HIMSELF BE LED FROM THE FUNERAL HOME. HE SMILED BITTERLY AT THE GRIM JOKE...

EARL BOYD MADE HER BEAUTIFUL FOR ME. A WEDDING PRESENT FROM MY BEST FRIEND...

OLD MAN HAYSON IS STUPID! PLAIN STUPID! WHAT AN IDIOTIC THING TO SAY!



THEY SAT IN A BOOTH IN THE ALMOST DESERTED BAR... FRANK WILLIAMS, STILL WEARING THE CLOTHES HE'D FLOWN FROM NEW YORK IN... AND HARRY MARTIN, WITH THE BLACK ARM-BAND ON HIS SLEEVE...

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED, HARRY? WHAT'S ALL THIS BUNK ABOUT A VAMPIRE KILLING JOAN?

THE PART ABOUT THE VAMPIRE ISN'T BUNK, FRANK! BUT THE VAMPIRE DIDN'T KILL JOAN. I DID! WE ALL DID!

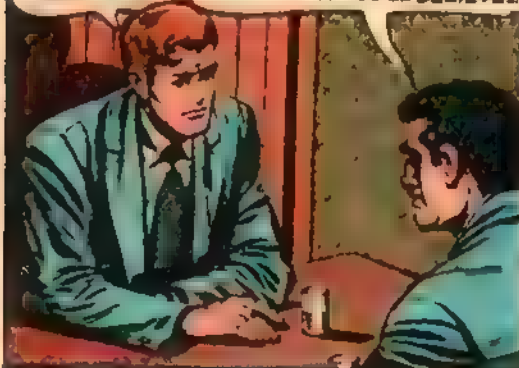


WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'VE BEEN IN NEW YORK FOR THE PAST MONTH, SO YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON. SEE THIS ARM-BAND? I'M IN MOURNING TOO! MY BROTHER CHARLIE DIED LAST WEEK. THERE WERE TWO OTHER DEATHS THE WEEK BEFORE!



AND YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME THAT A VAMPIRE?

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, FRANK, BUT I SAW IT... THE VAMPIRE! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT AND YOU'LL BELIEVE...



'THE NIGHT AFTER CHARLIE'S FUNERAL, I GOT DOWN MY HUNTING RIFLE, I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE TALK ABOUT A VAMPIRE. I WAS GOING TO SET THE MANIAC THAT WAS ROAMING OUR STREETS...'

WHERE'RE YOU GOING WITH A GUN, HARRY? WHAT GOOD IS A GUN? YOU CAN'T KILL A VAMPIRE WITH A GUN! I READ IT! YOU GOTTA USE A STAKE... A WOODEN...

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, NINA! JUST LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND ME AND DON'T OPEN IT FOR ANYONE BUT ME!



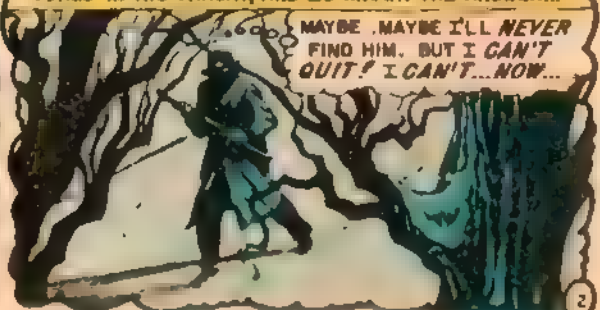
'SO I WENT! EACH NIGHT I HUNTED THE MANIAC, WITH THE WIND MOANING THROUGH THE DARK STREETS AND THE SNOW CRUNCHING UNDERFOOT...'

I'LL GET YOU! I'LL GET YOU FOR CHARLIE!



'FOR FIVE NIGHTS I WENT OUT INTO THE WINTER BLACKNESS. I GOT TO ASKING MYSELF WHAT GOOD IT WAS DOING TO GO WALKING IN THE BITTER COLD WITH THE SLEET WHIPPING IN MY FACE. BUT THEN I'D THINK OF POOR DEAD CHARLIE WITH THOSE TWO BLOODY PUNCTURES IN HIS THROAT, AND I'D KNOWN THE ANSWER...'

MAYBE... MAYBE I'LL NEVER FIND HIM. BUT I CAN'T QUIT! I CAN'T... NOW...



'THEN, ONE NIGHT, I HEARD A GURGLING CRY THEN A MOANING JUST A LITTLE LOUDER THEN THE MOANING OF THE WIND. I STARTED RUNNING THROUGH THE DARK STREETS. AND THEN I SAW IT... BENDING OVER THE BODY OF A GIRL... ITS UGLY FANGS SUNK INTO HER THIN WHITE THROAT...'

GET AWAY FROM HER, YOU FILTHY***!!

'I RAISED MY GUN, FIRING AS I RAN TOWARD IT. I HEARD THE BULLETS THUD INTO ITS VILE FLESH. SAW IT RISE...'

MY GOD! BULLETS DON'T KILL IT! IT IS A VAMPIRE... ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD! IT IS!

I KEPT AFTER IT, EMPTYING THE RIFLE AT IT, FINALLY LOST IT. IT JUST SEEMED TO VANISH INTO THE SHADOWS. I WENT BACK AND LOOKED AT THE GIRL. SHE SEEMED TO BE BREATHING...

TWO PUNCTURES IN HER THROAT, JUST LIKE IN CHARLIE'S...

HARRY'S VOICE FADED. HE LOOKED AT FRANK SITTING ACROSS FROM HIM IN THE BOOTH IN THE DESERTED BAR...

THE GIRL... IT... WAS JOAN?

YEAH! JOAN LORIN! I... I RAN ALL THE WAY TO THE FIREHOUSE. I STARTED PULLING THE BELL ROPE...

'THE FIRE-BELL WAS THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK OF TO GET THE TOWN OUT. I KEPT PULLING... MAKING ITS MOURNFUL SOUND SHATTER THE WINTRY SILENCE. AND THEY CAME! THEY CAME RUNNING...'

YOU SAW IT, HARRY? YOU SAW THE VAMPIRE?

DID IT GET ANY-BODY?

I SAW IT! I SHOT AT IT! BULLETS DON'T KILL IT! IT... IT GOT THE LORIN GIRL

'I TOOK THEM TO WHERE JOAN'S BODY LAY. DOC MORRIS LOOKED AT HER AND SHOOK HIS HEAD...'

BLOOD DRAINED ALL RIGHT' BUT SHE'S ALIVE SOME-HOW!

SOMETIMES A VAMPIRE'S VICTIM ~~BECOMES~~ A VAMPIRE THE...THE ONLY WAY TO KILL IT IS...

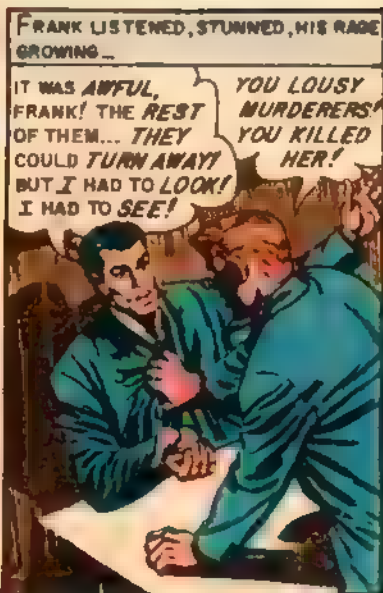
...IS WITH A STAKE DRIVEN INTO ITS HEART... AFTER DAWN...

'SOMEBODY GOT A STAKE AND WE STOOD A SILENT, GLOOMY VIGIL OVER JOAN'S BODY. I FELT SICK INSIDE... AND COLD... EVEN WITH A BIG BRIGHT FIRE GOING... BECAUSE OF WHAT WE HAD TO DO. AND THEN, WHEN DOC SAW THE FIRST ICY BLUE STREAKS OF DAWN IN THE EAST...'

IT'S TIME!



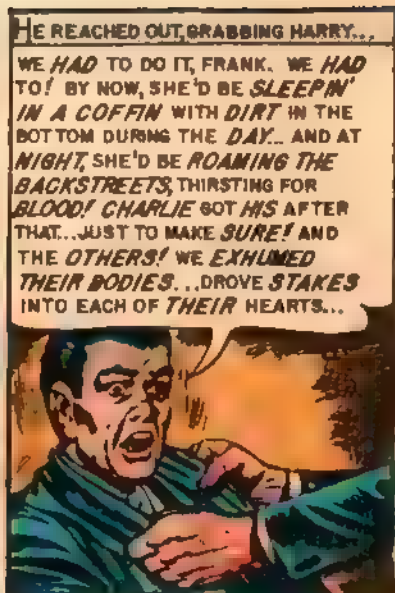
THEY HANDED ME THE STAKE, FRANK. I HELD IT AGAINST JOAN'S HEART. SOMEBODY ELSE STOOD OVER IT WITH A ROCK...



FRANK LISTENED, STUNNED, HIS RAGE GROWING...

IT WAS AWFUL, FRANK! THE REST OF THEM... THEY COULD TURN AWAY! BUT I HAD TO LOOK! I HAD TO SEE!

YOU LOUSY MURDERERS! YOU KILLED HER!



HE REACHED OUT, GRABBING HARRY...

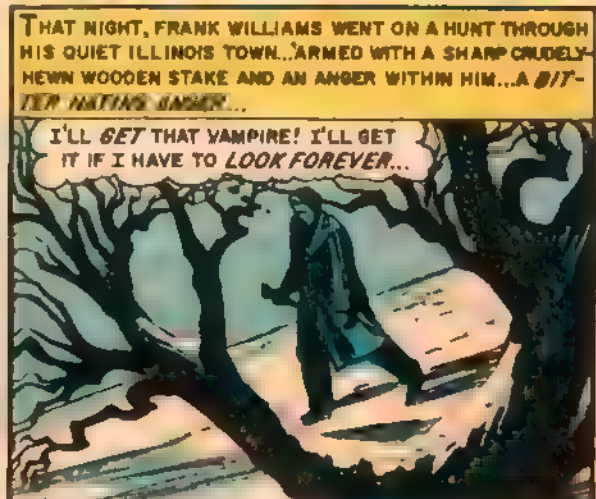
WE HAD TO DO IT, FRANK. WE HAD TO! BY NOW, SHE'D BE SLEEPIN' IN A COFFIN WITH DIRT IN THE BOTTOM DURING THE DAY... AND AT NIGHT, SHE'D BE ROAMING THE BACKSTREETS, THIRSTING FOR BLOOD! CHARLIE GOT HIS AFTER THAT... JUST TO MAKE SURE! AND THE OTHERS! WE EXHUMED THEIR BODIES... DROVE STAKES INTO EACH OF THEIR HEARTS...



FRANK RELEASED HIS HOLD. HIS RAGE AND HATE WAS STILL THERE, BUT HE KNEW HARRY MARTIN AND THE OTHERS HAD DONE WHAT WAS RIGHT...

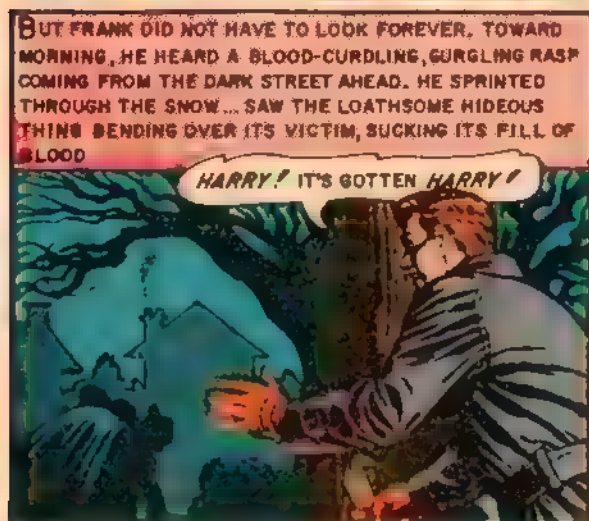
DIDN'T I SEND YOU THE TELEGRAM, FRANK, TELLING YOU TO COME RIGHT BACK HOME? DIDN'T I MEET YOU AT THE AIRPORT?

I... I'M SORRY, HARRY!



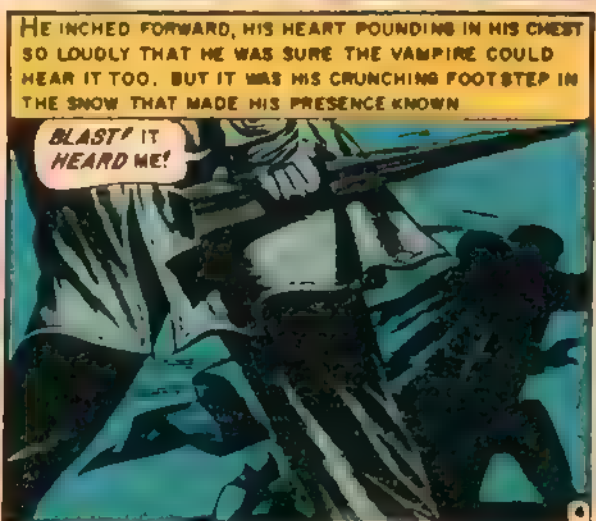
THAT NIGHT, FRANK WILLIAMS WENT ON A HUNT THROUGH HIS QUIET ILLINOIS TOWN... ARMED WITH A SHARP CRUDELY HEWN WOODEN STAKE AND AN ANGER WITHIN HIM... A BITTER HATING JAGGER...

I'LL GET THAT VAMPIRE! I'LL GET IT IF I HAVE TO LOOK FOREVER...



BUT FRANK DID NOT HAVE TO LOOK FOREVER. TOWARD MORNING, HE HEARD A BLOOD-CURLING, GURGLING RASP COMING FROM THE DARK STREET AHEAD. HE SPINTED THROUGH THE SNOW... SAW THE LOATHSOME HIDEOUS THING BENDING OVER ITS VICTIM, SUCKING ITS FILL OF BLOOD

HARRY! IT'S GOTTEN HARRY!



HE INCHED FORWARD, HIS HEART POUNDING IN HIS CHEST SO LOUDLY THAT HE WAS SURE THE VAMPIRE COULD HEAR IT TOO. BUT IT WAS HIS CRUNCHING FOOTSTEP IN THE SNOW THAT MADE HIS PRESENCE KNOWN

BLAST! IT HEARD ME!

THE VAMPIRE, WITH ITS BLACK CAPE FLOWING BEHIND, DODGED THROUGH ALLEYS AND DOWN NARROW WINDING STREETS, SEEMING AT TIMES TO ALMOST FLY. FRANK POUNDED AFTER IT IN BREATHLESS UNRELENTING PURSUIT.

CAN'T LET IT GET AWAY



SUDDENLY HIS QUARRY DARTED AROUND A CORNER. BY THE TIME FRANK REACHED THE SPOT, THE VAMPIRE HAD VANISHED INTO THIN AIR...

IT MUST HAVE GONE INTO ONE OF THOSE BUILDINGS!
IT MUST HAVE GONE...



FRANK TURNED, HIS GLANCE FALLING ON THE SOMBER FAMILIAR STRUCTURE... *HAYSON'S FUNERAL HOME*... WITH JOAN STILL LYING IN HER COFFIN...

COFFIN! OF COURSE! A VAMPIRE SLEEPS IN A COFFIN BY DAY. WHAT BETTER PLACE TO HIDE ONE!

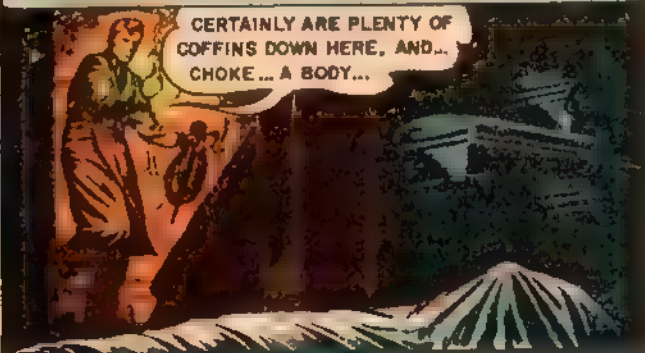


HE CROSSED THE EMPTY DESERTED STREET, TRIED THE DOOR, FOUND IT OPEN. HE PULLED THE COIL OF ROPE HE'D BROUGHT ALONG FROM HIS POCKET, AND ENTERED CAUTIOUSLY...

EARL TOLD ME ABOUT THE CELLAR... WHERE THEY STORE THINGS AND PREPARE BODIES. PERHAPS DOWN THERE...



HE MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE DARK PARLOR, BRUSHING AGAINST JOAN'S COFFIN. THERE WAS A STAIRCASE IN THE REAR. HE STRUCK A MATCH, STARTED DOWN, HIS SHADOW PERFORMING A GROTESQUE DANCE ON THE WALL BESIDE HIM...



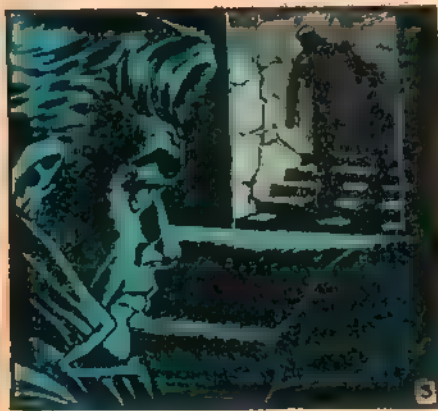
CERTAINLY ARE PLENTY OF COFFINS DOWN HERE, AND... CHOKER... A BODY...

HE MOVED FROM COFFIN TO COFFIN, PEEING INSIDE, SEARCHING FOR THE TELL-TALE SIGN. AND THEN...

HERE IT IS! THERE'S DIRT IN THE BOTTOM OF THIS ONE!



SUDDENLY, FRANK BLEW OUT THE MATCH! HE'D HEARD A SOUND... GRIT GRINDING ON THE STAIRS ABOVE. HE COWERED IN THE DARKNESS, LISTENING, WAITING, AS A FIGURE CAME SLOWLY DOWN THE STEPS...



THE FIGURE GLIDED ACROSS THE CELLAR. FRANK LEAPED, WRAPPING THE ROPE AROUND IT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED...

WHAT... WHAT'S GOING ON??? LE' ME GO! HEY!

NOW WE'LL SEE WHO YOU ARE, YOU FIEND...

FRANK FORCED THE SLENDER, WIRY FIGURE TO ITS KNEES... LASHED ITS HANDS BEHIND ITS BACK... AND FUMBLING FOR A MATCH...

EARL! EARL BOYD!

FRANK! WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME KNOW YOU GOT HOME? SAY, IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE? G'MON! UNTIE ME!

YOU'RE THE VAMPIRE, AREN'T YOU, EARL? MY BEST FRIEND... A VAMPIRE! YOU'VE COME BACK HERE FOR YOUR SLEEP, HAVEN'T YOU?

ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU KNOW I WORK HERE AT NIGHT, FRANK!

THERE'S BLOOD ON YOUR MOUTH, EARL! IS IT HARRY'S BLOOD?

YOU KNOCKED ME DOWN! FOR GOD'S SAKE, FRANK!

WHAT ABOUT THE DIRT, EARL... THE DIRT IN THE BOTTOM OF THIS COFFIN...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, FRANK. JOAN'S DEATH MUST HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR YOU! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!

OUT OF MY MIND, AM I? ALL RIGHT! THEN YOU WON'T MIND PROVING YOU'RE NOT THE VAMPIRE! YOU WON'T MIND BEING TIED UP IN THAT COFFIN...

IN THAT COFFIN? WHY?

BECAUSE IF YOU ARE THE VAMPIRE, YOU'LL FALL ASLEEP, COME SUNRISE. AND WHEN YOU DO, I'LL BE READY WITH THIS STAKE. GET IN!

FRANK! I KNOW HOW MUCH JOAN MEANT TO YOU. BUT WHY BLAME IT ON ME? I LOVED YOU BOTH! I WAS GOING TO BE YOUR BEST MAN! I...

GET INTO THAT COFFIN AND SHUT UP! IT'S ALMOST SEVEN. YOU OUGHT TO BE VERY SOON!

EARL RELAXED SUDDENLY. HE CLIMBED INTO THE COFFIN, FRANK TIED HIM SECURELY AND STARTED UP THE STEPS.

WHERE YOU GOING, FRANK?

UPSTAIRS! THERE ISN'T A WINDOW IN THIS PLACE. I WANT TO SEE THE SUN RISE...



THAT CALENDAR WILL TELL YOU, FRANK. IT'LL TELL YOU THE EXACT TIME THE SUN RISES

YOU'RE RIGHT, EARL! LET'S SEE...TODAY IS THE TENTH... THERE IT IS! SUNRISE...7:12 A.M!



FRANK LOOKED AT HIS WATCH...

THAT'S FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW, EARL! FIVE MINUTES!

YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL SEE I'M NOT THE VAMPIRE!



THE MINUTES CRAWLED BY. FRANK PEERED AT HIS WATCH. 7:12 CAME AND WENT. EARL WAS WIDE AWAKE. 7:30 CAME. FRANK HURLED THE STAKE AWAY IN DISGUST...

IF YOU WERE THE VAMPIRE, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN ASLEEP BY NOW!

SEE? I TOLD YOU! AND THE REAL VAMPIRE...THE ONE WHO USES THIS COFFIN...HAS GOT-TEN AWAY! UNTIE ME!



FRANK UNTIED EARL. EARL GRINNED AT HIM...A STRANGE GRIN...AN EVIL, LEERING GRIN...

YOU'VE BEEN IN NEW YORK, HAVEN'T YOU, FRANK?

Y-YEAH! I FLEW BACK THIS AFTERNOON...WHEN I GOT HARRY'S TELEGRAM! TOOK THE 2:30 PLANE OUT OF...OUT OF...



EARL'S LEERING GRIN CHANGED AS HE SPRANG. FANGS ERUPTED FROM BEHIND HIS SNARLING LIPS. FRANK SCREAMED...

MY GOD! HOW STUPID OF ME! ILLINOIS IS AN HOUR BEHIND NEW YORK!

THAT'S RIGHT, FRANK! YOU FORGOT TO CHANGE YOUR WATCH. I'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TILL SUNRISE! ANOTHER HALF-HOUR! ENOUGH TO DRINK MY FILL - AGAIN

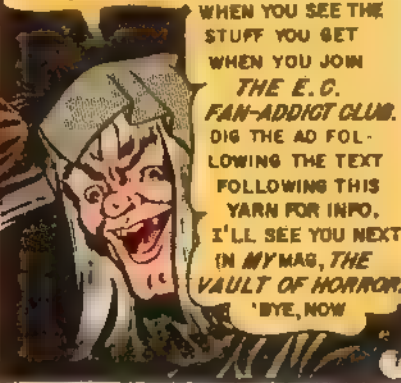


HEH, HEH! NOW ISN'T THAT A BLOODY SHAME, KIDDIES? JUST BECAUSE FRANK'S WATCH WAS A LITTLE FAST, HIS TIME RAN OUT. YOU MIGHT SAY FRANK CAME TO A DEAD STOP, EH? WELL, YOU'LL COME TO A DEAD STOP

WHEN YOU SEE THE STUFF YOU GET WHEN YOU JOIN

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB. DIG THE AD FOL-LOWING THE TEXT FOLLOWING THIS YARN FOR INFO. I'LL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG, THE VAULT OF HORROR!

'BYE, NOW



ON ICE!



Plimpton fingered the wad of bills as he slithered through the shattered basement window. Stepping carefully over the shards of glass, he slipped his cigarette lighter from his pocket and glanced around the murky room. There was enough scrap paper scattered on the floor to make his job a snap. He picked up a crumpled wad of paper: printed on it was the name of the firm whose plant he was about to destroy by arson. He shrugged his shoulders and spun the flywheel of his lighter; if the owner of Freeze-Out Frozen Food Lockers wanted to pay a bundle to have the joint go up in smoke, who was Plimpton to argue?

A minute later he had emptied his tiny cans of lighter fluid in the right places. A sprinkle of the liquid here... a dribble of it there... and the scattered debris was primed for the match. Wadding the saturated paper under a wooden desk that would be sure to catch fire rapidly, he checked the minute details which would make this job a complete success. Several trails of tightly twisted paper radiated out from the doomed desk, one leading to a wooden filing cabinet, another crossed the floor to stacks of paper-packaging in which foods to be consigned to the big freezers were wrapped. One minute for the central wad of fluid-soaked paper to catch fire, and the whole dump would be a seething inferno. He had just one minute in which to scramble out through the shattered basement window... he could do it easily. There was no question in his mind: this job was as good as on ice!

Plimpton smiled to himself, thinking of the wad of bills in his pocket... and the still greater amount waiting for him when he rendezvoused with Mr. Freeze-Out Frozen Food Lockers. Then, suddenly, there was the sound of a door opening somewhere behind him.

In one convulsive moment Plimpton darted across the room, swung open the ponderous door of a huge enameled chest and hurled himself into the big freezer. He flattened himself against sharp-cornered food cartons crammed into the huge refrigerator, letting the lid close almost completely as a flashlight probed toward him out of the darkness. Through the scant inch between the freezer and the lid, he saw the old watchman advancing toward him slowly. Plimpton tensed to leap free of the box, but before he could move, the heavy lid had been slammed shut from the outside. The lock on the freezer lid snapped audibly.

Plimpton's fingers scratched frantically at the door, but the big chest was sealed tight. He screamed in anguish and pounded on the ice-crusting inner surface... already the numbing cold was strangling the breath in his lungs. His stiff fingers whirled the flywheel of the lighter and a bluish flame leapt up. The heat did little to dispell the awful cold.

Two minutes passed... three... then the flame flickered and died. Plimpton tried to hammer on the frosted metal, but his arms were useless stumps... and deep inside his agonized body a core of icy fire sent pulsating shocks along every nerve and fiber.

In a frenzy he struggled to move, but his body was held rigidly now by the chill embrace of the frozen packages. He opened his mouth to scream, but his spittle became a tracery of gagging ice over his cracked lips. His tongue began to swell and turn blue-purple... the color of a flame that, moments before, was poised to touch off a searing fire. He moaned once, and then became merely another consignment of quick-frozen meat.



YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

SEND FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP KIT TODAY RECEIVE A FULL-COLOR 7 1/4 X 10 1/2 ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN.

FOR AN INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢. IF FIVE OR MORE OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN AUTHORIZED CHAPTER, ENCLOSE EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH 25¢ FOR EACH NAME, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS CHAPTER NUMBER. EACH MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT DIRECTLY... BY RETURN MAIL?

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Here's my fun nite! I want the things
and stuff like the kids wearing! I want
to meet new friends like the kids meeting!
I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE NO _____

STATE _____

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! It's amazing how additions to the E.C. HORROR HIT PARADE keep pouring in from you clever little creeps. Some of 'em are gettin' pretty corny though...let's face it! The following not-so-corny ones were suggested by Leonard Limewood, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Billy Wilson, Queens Village, L. I.; Pete and Betty Anaya, Las Vegas, N. M.; Walter Leporati, Corona, N. Y.; Arnold Zaliss and Judy Knight, Detroit, Mich.; and Donna C. Thomasson, Elgin Field, Fla.

IN SEAMS I STITCH YOUR HAND, MADAM
I COME FROM ALABAMA WITH A BANSHEE
ON MY KNEE
GORGIN' ON MY MIND
OH JENNY GRIEVE, SWEET JENNY GRIEVE
I'M ACHIN' TO BLIND YOU
TRYING WITH A SCALPEL
SAY, SEE BONES!
IF I KNEW YOU WERE COMING, I'D'A
MILKED A SNAKE
I LOATHE YOU A BUSHEL AND A PECK
(AND A ROPE AROUND YOUR NECK)
WHILE DROOLING IN THE DARK, ONE DAY
FILL MY VAULTS AGAIN WITH GOO
BRAIN ON THE ROOF
THE THIRD MAN SCREAM
OH, MAIMED PAPA
IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN TO HACK UP
WILD CORPSES
CARRY MY BACK TO OLE VIRGINIA
PRANCING WITH SPEARS IN MY EYES

And from E. Nelson Bridwell of Oklahoma City, we received the following LURID LYRICS to THE GHOUL THAT I MARRY.

The ghoul that I marry will have to be
As dismal and grey as a mortuary.
The ghoul I call my own
Would be greatly improved if she used some
cologne.
Her claws will be sharpened, and in her hair
She'll wear a green eyeshade (she's not all
there!)

'Stead of fittin', I'll be sittin'
Next to her, and I'm sure I'll be bitten.
A corpse six can carry
The ghoul that I marry must be

Michael Fitzgerald of N.Y.C. and Gordon Lewis, Jr. of Atlanta, Ga. suggest the following PUTRID PRO-GROMS:

I BLED THREE WIVES
GHOST OF THE TOWN
THE EDDIE FISHED HER SHOW
EAT THE CLOCK
GREATEST FRIGHTS OF THE MORTUARY
TROUBLE OR NOTHING
PLAYHOUSE OF SCARS
HUNG DR. MALONE

Clay Kimball of Draper, N. C. and Sally Anne Shaw of Hazelton, Pa. suggest the following EVIL ENTERTAINERS

TERESA SEWER
MUSTY VAPOR
SID SQUEEZE'ER
IMOGENE CHOKER

Stanford Grossman of Detroit, Mich. suggests a new dept.: CRUDDY COMICS...

JIGGS AND MAGGOTS...or
BRINGING UP SLOBBER
TIM TYLER'S MUCK
STEVE ROPED HER
MICKEY'S PINNED
KERRY'S WAKE
HER HEART AND JULIET'S BONES

The LURID LITERATURE following was donated by Doug Stewart of:

TOM'S NUMB
RUMPEL'S STILL SKINNED
THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTS
THE THREE MUSKET'S EARS
UNCLE TOM'S STABBIN'
AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHT SLAYS
MY DEAR SLAYED HER
THE LADY ON THE STAKE

PERVERTED POETRY by Carole Abbott of Baltimore, Md.:

When I was buried at sweet sixteen
Ghouls came to my funeral, it seemed.
They said they were sorry that I was dead.
And one of them began to munch on my head.
They said I was pretty and very sweet
And another began to munch on my feet.
They said I was nice, with many young charms
And then they began to munch on my arms.
They said they were sorry I'd had to depart
Then someone reached in and tore out my heart.
Luckily I awoke from this terrible dream
But then I really began to scream
For there in my room sitting on stools
Were my mother, my father, and six other ghouls!

Just enough room for a letter:

Dear Gruesome,

In case you don't know, American mags here sell more copies than local ones. And among the comic books, E.C. sells fastest, according to the owner of my favorite stand. They are to comic book creeps what Marilyn Monroe is to movie maniacs.

Tony Abaya
Manila, P. I.

Manila...where the envelopes come from!

Commercials: 3-D mags! THREE DIMENSIONAL TALES FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR, starring yours truly...and THREE DIMENSIONAL E.C. CLASSICS! 15c each...or two for 30c! Just mail in the moola. Subscriptions to this mag...one buck for eight issues! Address for 3-D orders, sub orders, ham-on-rye orders, or just plain ole mail is:

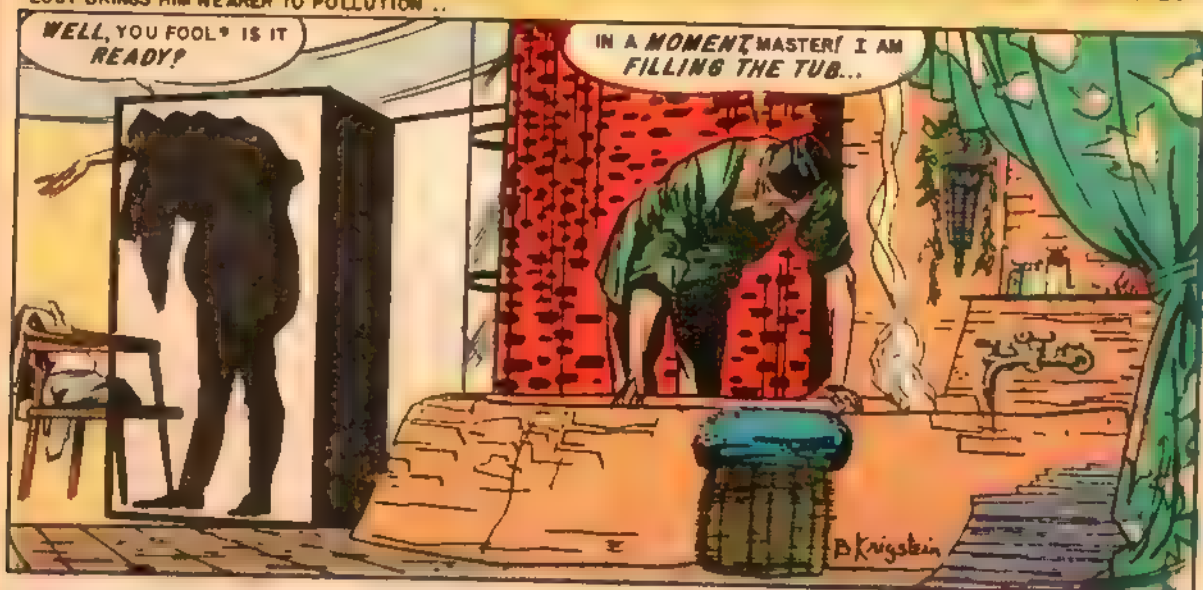
The Crypt-Keeper
Room 706, Dept 42
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

**THIS YARN IS DRIPPING WITH
SWEET AND CLEAN HORROR...**

THE BATH

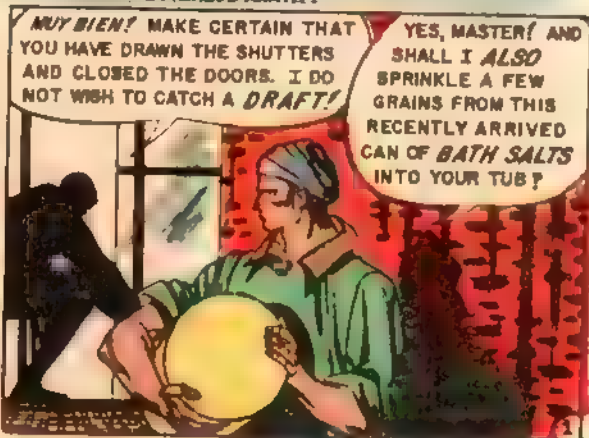
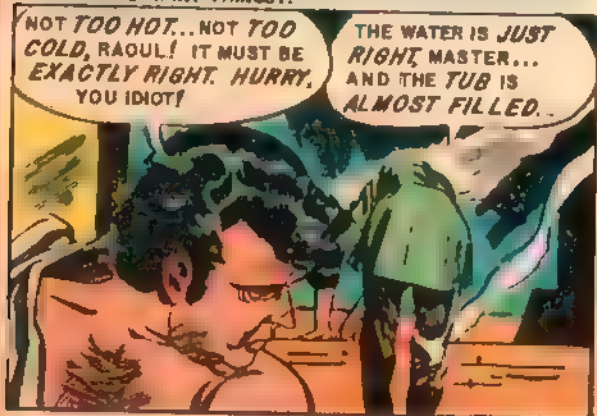


MY MASTER IS A VERY STRANGE MAN. AT TIMES HE IS LIKE A WILD ANIMAL, SO CRAZED IS HE WITH HIS LUST FOR SILVER. AND AT OTHER TIMES, HE IS ALMOST LIKE AN OLD WOMAN, SO DEVOTED IS HE TO HIS PERSONAL CLEANLINESS. HE BATHES CONSTANTLY, AS IF HE WERE ABLE TO SCRUB HIS EVIL DEEDS AWAY WITH FOAMING BATH SOAPS AND SCENTED SALTS. LISTEN TO HIM, NOW... SCREAMING AT ME! SUCH EAGERNESS! SUCH IMPATIENCE! AS IF EACH MOMENT LOST BRINGS HIM NEARER TO POLLUTION...

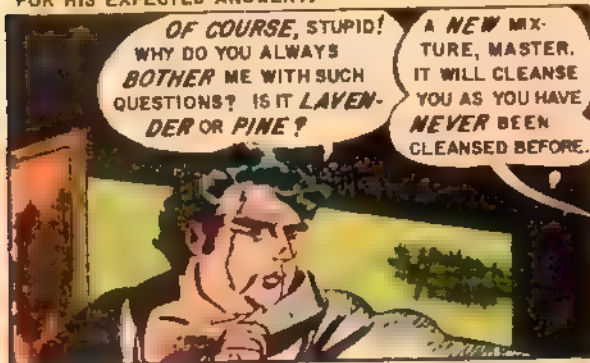


MY MASTER IS SEÑOR PEDRO TOBOSA. HERE, ON HIS PLANTACIÓN IN THE MATTO GROSSO JUNGLE, HE IS ABSOLUTE KING. AND I. I AM HIS MAN-SERVANT. I HAVE BEEN HIS MAN-SERVANT FOR MANY YEARS. I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD MANY THINGS...

MY NAME IS RAOUL VENDOZA. IT IS I WHO UNDRESSES SEÑOR TOBOSA. IT IS I WHO PREPARES HIS BATH. IT IS I WHO PERFUMES THE WATER AND SCRUBS HIS BACK AND WASHES HIS EVILNESS AWAY...



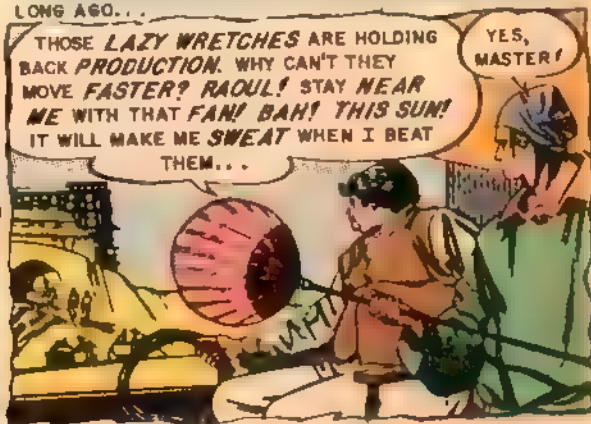
SEÑOR TOBOSA NEEDS NOT ANSWER MY QUESTION. I ALREADY KNOW WHAT HIS ANSWER WILL BE. SEÑOR TOBOSA LOVES HIS BATH-SALTS AND HIS GERMICIDALS AND HIS PERFUMES. TO TRY A NEW ONE IS ALMOST A NECESSITY. DO I NOT WRITE EACH WEEK FOR NEW BATH PRODUCTS TO BE SENT FROM THE COAST? BUT I WAIT FOR HIS EXPECTED ANSWER...



OF COURSE, STUPID! WHY DO YOU ALWAYS BOTHER ME WITH SUCH QUESTIONS? IS IT LAVENDER OR PINE?

A NEW MIXTURE, MASTER. IT WILL CLEANSE YOU AS YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN CLEANSED BEFORE.

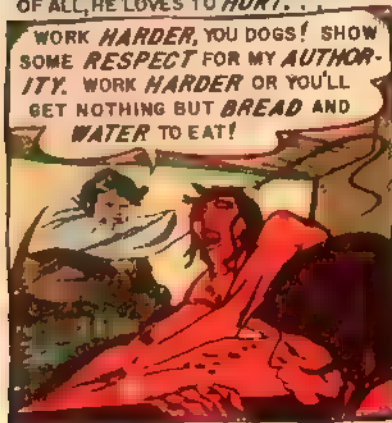
AND AS I OPEN THE LID OF THE CAN, I THINK BACK OVER THE MANY YEARS I HAVE SPENT WITH THE GREAT SEÑOR. BATHING, LET ME SAY, IS NOT HIS ONLY PLEASURE. THERE ARE MANY OTHERS. TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, THAT DAY SO LONG AGO...



THOSE LAZY WRETCHES ARE HOLDING BACK PRODUCTION. WHY CAN'T THEY MOVE FASTER? RAOUL! STAY NEAR ME WITH THAT FAN! BAH! THIS SUN! IT WILL MAKE ME SWEAT WHEN I BEAT THEM...

YES, MASTER!

HOW HAPPY HE WAS WHEN THE NATIVES JUMPED TO HIS WHIP STING. AND HOW THEY CRIED AND MOANED IN MISERY. SEÑOR TOBOSA LOVES HIS SILVER MINE, HIS PLANTACION, AND THE WEALTH THEY BRING HIM. BUT MOST OF ALL, HE LOVES TO HURT.



WORK HARDER, YOU DOGS! SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR MY AUTHORITY. WORK HARDER OR YOU'LL GET NOTHING BUT BREAD AND WATER TO EAT!

AND I, HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, WOULD BE AT HIS SIDE, READY TO DO HIS BIDDING.

FILTHY CARRION! THEY'VE MADE ME EXERT MYSELF. QUICK, RAOUL! THE ANTISEPTIC SPRAY I DO NOT WANT TO DEVELOP A FEVER.



YES, MASTER. AND I WILL PREPARE YOUR BATH AT ONCE!

FOR I KNEW THAT SEÑOR TOBOSA ALWAYS INSISTED UPON BATHING AFTER ONE OF THOSE DAILY CONTACTS WITH THE NATIVES..



AH-H-H-H! BUENO...BUENO! THE VERY CRAWLING DUST FROM THOSE CREATURES HAS BEEN WASHED DOWN THE DRAIN...

WILL YOU WANT THE ROUGH TOWEL OR THE SMOOTH, MASTER?

I KNEW THAT HE FELT POLLUTED AND DEFILED UNTIL HE COULD CLEANSE HIMSELF OF THE AURA OF HIS CONTACT WITH HIS WORKERS.

I WILL TRY THE ROUGH TOWEL TODAY, RAOUL. IT WILL CIRCULATE MY BLOOD AND ELIMINATE ANY DIRT PARTICLES THAT MAY HAVE REMAINED IN MY PORES. THOSE... FILTHY WRETCHES!



YOU ARE DISPLEASED ABOUT SOMETHING, MASTER?

ES LA VERDAD, RAOUL! I WILL REMAIN A POOR MAN AT THE RATE THOSE LAZY DEVILS WORK MY MINE. STARTING TOMORROW, I WILL START A NEW POLICY WITH THOSE BURROS! EACH MAN MUST DIG HIS WEIGHT IN SILVER ORE... OR HE WILL BE LASHED SPREAD-EAGLED IN THE SUN FOR TWO DAYS WITH NO FOOD OR WATER...



YES...EL SEÑOR TOBOSA WAS A MUCH RESPECTED MAN. HAD HE NOT COME HERE TO THE MATTO GRASSO AND WORKED HIS SILVER MINE WITH THE HELP OF THE NATIVES? HAD HE NOT PROMISED TO TREAT THEM FAIRLY IF THEY WOULD WORK FOR HIM? HAD HE NOT BUILT A MARVELOUS PLANTACION AND SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH GOLD AND JEWELS AND OTHER TREASURES? HAD HE NOT DONE ALL THESE THINGS? HAD HE NOT DONE THE OTHER THINGS TOO...

WE CANNOT WORK ANY HARDER THAN WE ARE WORKING, MASTER. WE DO NOT GET ENOUGH FOOD! OUR STOMACHS GROWL AND WE GROW TIRED. OUR FAMILIES STARVE. FOR FAVOR, MASTER...

YOU DARE DEFILE ME WITH YOUR TOUGH GET BACK, YOU PIS! BACK!



HAD HE NOT BEATEN AND KICKED AND CURSED AND THREATENED THE NATIVES INTO SUBMISSION?...

AND HERE'S MY ANSWER! TAKE...OOOF...THIS BACK TO YOUR WORM-INFESTED HUTS. TELL THEM...OOOF...OBEY MY ORDERS OR DIE!

OOWWWWWWWWWWW!



BUT ALWAYS AFTER THESE DISGUSTING EXPERIENCES...THESE CONTACTS WITH THE NATIVES...MY MASTER WOULD TAKE HIS BATH. FOR THAT SEEMED TO BE THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD CALM HIM AND PUT HIM INTO A GOOD HUMOR AGAIN...

IF I CATCH ANYTHING FROM THAT MISERABLE TOAD, I'LL HAVE HIM HAKED TO DEATH!

THE WATER IS HOT, MASTER!



THE WATER WOULD LAVE HIM GENTLY...SMELLING OF SOAP AND GERMICIDES AND BATH SALTS...

AH! GOOD! THE HOTTER, THE BETTER! I MUST CLEAN THEIR SLIME FROM ME, RAOUL! I MUST REMOVE THEIR POLLUTION!



AND AFTERWARD, WHEN HE WOULD DRESS...

MY FACE LOOKS GOOD TODAY, EH, RAOUL...SO SMOOTH AND WHITE...AND CLEAN!

YES, MASTER!



THEN AND ONLY THEN, WHEN HE FELT THAT HIS BODY HAD BEEN PURGED OF ANY CONTAMINATION, WOULD SEÑOR TOBOSA BE IN HIGH SPIRITS, AND MANY WERE THE NIGHTS I WOULD STAND AND WATCH HIM COUNT HIS GOLD AND CHECK HIS DAY'S PRODUCTION...

THE VENTILATORS AND AIR PURIFIERS ARE WORKING, MASTER!

GOOD! GOOD! I... WHAT IS THIS? ONLY THREE TONS OF SILVER ORE DUG TODAY! I'M BEING CHEATED!



ONLY THREE TONS OF ORE! I'LL TEACH THEM TO CHEAT ME! I'VE BEEN LENIENT LONG ENOUGH! FROM NOW ON I'LL SHOW THEM THAT I MEAN WHAT I SAY! FROM NOW ON I'LL DRIVE THEM AS THEY'VE NEVER BEEN DRIVEN BEFORE!



AND WHEN MY MASTER WAS ANGRY LIKE THAT, I KNEW THAT MY DUTIES WOULD BE HEAVY AND TRYING THAT THERE WOULD BE MANY MORE BATHS

YOU'LL ALL WORK HARDER AND LONGER! I'M INCREASING YOUR HOURS TO MAKE YOU REALIZE THAT MY ORDERS ARE NOT MERELY IDLE WORDS... THAT YOU

COUGH! COUGH!



BUT WORST OF ALL WERE THE DAYS WHEN THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED

YOU COUGHED! YOU FILTHY DOG! YOU SPEWED YOUR DIRTY GERMS UPON ME. I'LL FIX YOU! GUARDS! GUARDS!

NO, MASTER! I COULDN'T HELP IT! MERCY, POR DIOS!



SEÑOR TOBOSA WOULD SHRIEK FOR HIS GUARDS AND THEY WOULD CLOSE IN ON THE POOR SICK NATIVE WHO DARED INSULT HIM...

TAKE HIM AWAY! SEW HIS MOUTH SHUT! TORTURE HIM! KILL HIM!

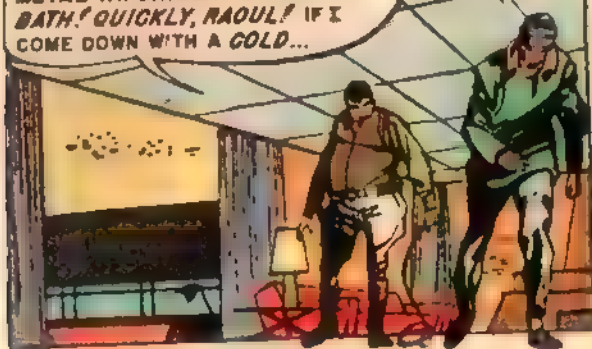
NO! NO! YAAAAAHH...



ON THOSE DAYS, ALL WOULD FEEL HIS WRATH. IT WAS BEST TO OBEY HIM INSTANTLY OR SUFFER GRAVE CONSEQUENCES...

SPRAY THE ROOM! BRING ME MY METAL VAPORIZER! DRAW MY BATH! QUICKLY, RAUL! IF I COME DOWN WITH A COLD...

YES, MASTER!



I REMEMBER THE DAY EL SEÑOR RAIDED THE NEARBY NATIVE VILLAGE FOR MORE WORKERS...

NO! PLEASE! DON'T TAKE OUR SON AWAY! HE IS TOO WEAK... TOO YOUNG! HE WILL NOT STAND THE STRAIN! WE BEG OF YOU. TAKE US, BUT...

STAND BACK, YOU OLD FOOLS! HE IS CAPABLE OF DIGGING! HE WILL COME WITH US...



FOR AFTER THAT, THINGS WERE NOT THE SAME. THE BOY INFURIATED EL SEÑOR. OFTEN, UNDER THE HOT, BLAZING SUN, WHEN THE OTHER FORCED LABORERS STAGGERED BACK AND FORTH FROM THE MINE, SCARCELY ABLE TO STAND, SEÑOR TOBOSA WOULD PICK ON THE BOY

WORK, I SAID! GET BACK ON YOUR FEET, SCUM! DO AS I SAY! YOUR LIFE IS MINE! BACK ON YOUR FEET!

SOB... SOB...

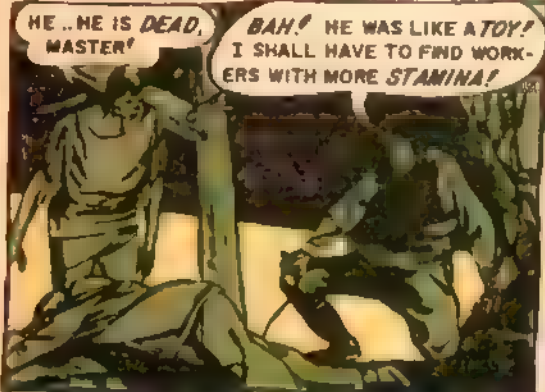


AND THEN HE WOULD COME PANTING AT ME, ADHORED BY HIS EXPERIENCE...

I AM CURSED WITH TREACHEROUS WORKERS AND WEAKLING BOYS! BASTA! ENOUGH! MY ARMS ARE WEARY FROM BEATING THEM. I FEEL FILTHY FROM BEING NEAR THEM. RAUL! MY BATH...



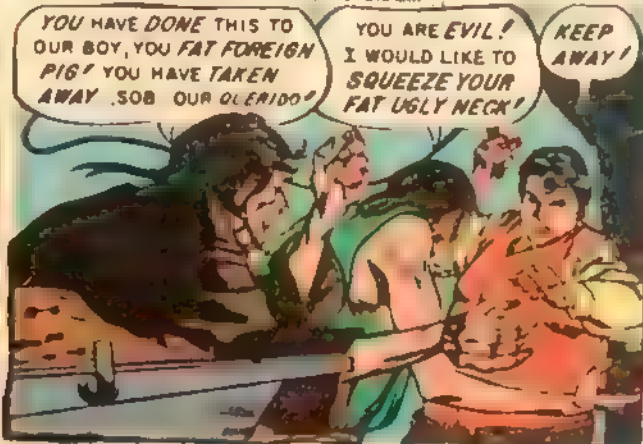
YES, I REMEMBER IT WELL... ALL OF IT. THE BOY GREW WEAKER AND WEAKER UNDER THE ONSLAUGHTS OF MY MASTER'S ANGRY BEATINGS, FINALLY COLLAPSING... TODAY...



HE... HE IS DEAD, MASTER!

BAH! HE WAS LIKE A TOY! I SHALL HAVE TO FIND WORKERS WITH MORE STAMINA!

I REMEMBER HOW THE BOY'S PARENTS RUSHED FROM THEIR STATIONS TO THEIR DEAD SON'S SIDE...

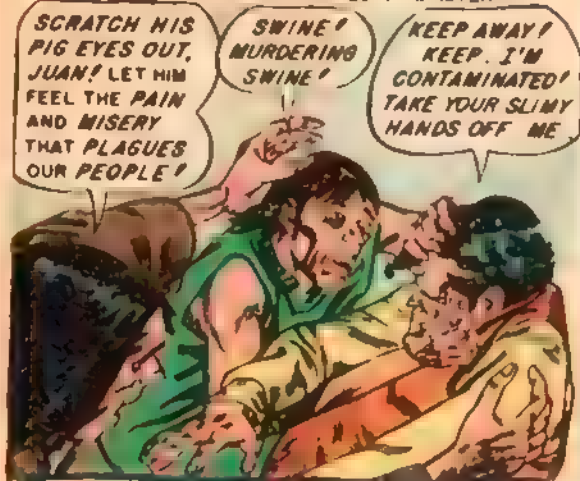


YOU HAVE DONE THIS TO OUR BOY, YOU FAT FOREIGN PIG! YOU HAVE TAKEN AWAY OUR OLERIDO!

YOU ARE EVIL! I WOULD LIKE TO SQUEEZE YOUR FAT UGLY NECK!

KEEP AWAY!

HOW THEY FOOLISHLY ATTACKED MY MASTER

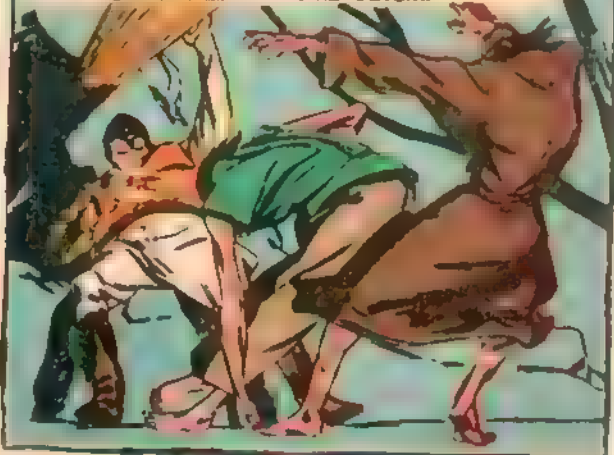


SCRATCH HIS PIG EYES OUT, JUAN! LET HIM FEEL THE PAIN AND MISERY THAT PLAGUES OUR PEOPLE!

SWINE! MURDERING SWINE!

KEEP AWAY! KEEP. I'M CONTAMINATED! TAKE YOUR SLIMY HANDS OFF ME

...AND HOW THEY EACH FELT THE STINGING BULLETS FROM EL SEÑOR'S GLEAMING REVOLVER...



I REMEMBER HOW HE STOOD OVER THEM, SHUDDERING IN REVULSION...



I'LL TEACH YOU TO VIOLATE MY PERSON... TO DARE TOUCH ME WITH YOUR CRAWLY HANDS! I'LL LET YOUR CARCASSES ROT IN THE SUN...

...HOW HE SCREAMED AT THE OTHERS



NOW GET BACK TO WORK, YOU SWINE! OR YOU'LL ALL ROT IN THE SUN WITH THEM!

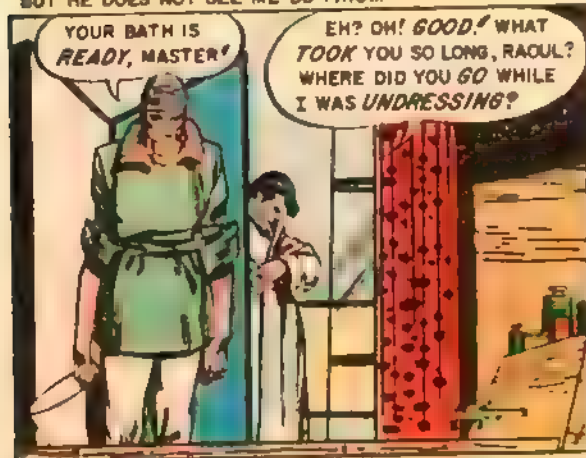
HOW HE CAME IN PANTING



MY BATH, RAOUL! GET MY BATH READY! I MUST CLEANSER MYSELF OF THE FILTH

YES MASTER

SO I OPEN THE LID OF THE CAN, AND I EMPTY ITS CONTENTS INTO MY MASTER'S BATH. IT IS A BIG CAN BUT HE DOES NOT SEE ME DO THIS...



YOUR BATH IS READY, MASTER!

EH? OH! GOOD! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, RAOUL? WHERE DID YOU GO WHILE I WAS UNDRESSING?

I LEAD MY MASTER TO THE TUB AS I HAVE DONE SO OFTEN



I WENT TO GET THE NEW BATH PREPARATION, MASTER!

OH! YES! IT'LL CLEANS ME AS I HAVE NEVER BEEN CLEANS BEFORE, YOU SAID?

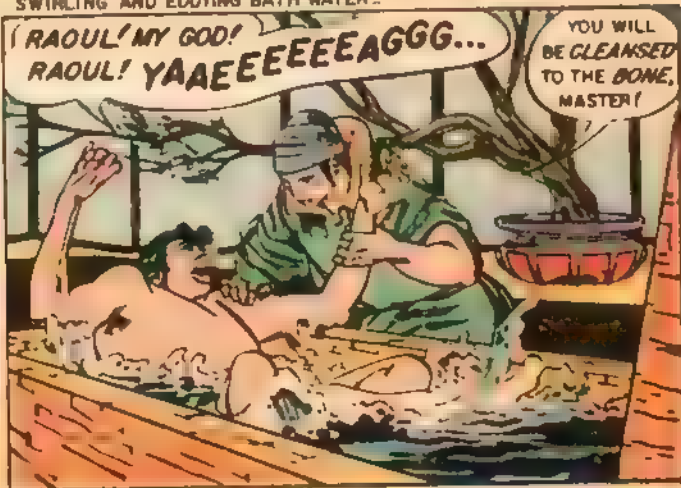
THE BOARDS CREAK UNDER MY FAT MASTER'S WEIGHT AS I HELP HIM INTO THE TUB



GOOD! I FEEL POSITIVELY FILTHY AFTER ALL THOSE DEATHS THEIR DIRTY BLOOD SPLATTERING UPON ME.

YOU WILL BE CLEANS, MASTER

I LISTEN TO HIS SCREAMS OF PAIN AS HE SINKS INTO THE SWIRLING AND EDDYING BATH WATER...



RAOUL! MY GOD! RAOUL! YAAEEEEEEAGGG...

YOU WILL BE CLEANS TO THE BONE, MASTER!

I LISTEN TO MY MASTER SCREAM, JUST AS THE BOY HE BEAT TO DEATH SCREAMED... AND THE BOY'S PARENTS HE SHOT TO DEATH SCREAMED. FOR MY MASTER'S BATH HAS BEEN FILLED WITH A CANFUL OF THE TERRIBLE, TINY, SAVAGE, FLESH-EATING, PIRHUANA FISH OF THE MATTO GROSSO.



AAAAAAEEEEEEEEEE...

THE SILVER PIRHUANA RIPPING TEARING STRIPPING MY MASTER'S FAT FLABBY FLESH FROM HIS BONES... CLEANSING HIM AS HE HAS NEVER BEEN CLEANS BEFORE. AVENGING THE BOY AND HIS PARENTS, WHO WERE ALSO MY PARENTS



THE END

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! HOBBLE INTO 'THE HAUNT OF FEAR,' HIDIOTS, AND YOUR SHIVER-CHEF, YOUR SLOP-SERVER, YOUR HOSTESS-IN-HEAVES, THE OLD WITCH, WILL FEED YOU FOUL FARE FROM HER CRUDDY CAULDRON. YEP, IT'S ME AGAIN, READY TO WIND UP C.K.'S MAG WITH ANOTHER ICKY ITEM FROM MY MORBID MENU. SO OPEN YOUR Gaping LITTLE MOUTHS AND I'LL POP IN THE PUTRID POT-PROSE I CALL...

HOODWINKED!

THE AIR IS STIFLING IN THE OLD HOUSE...STINKING OF WHISKEY AND IODINE AND DUST AND SWEAT. THE SHABBY FURNITURE, USUALLY SO ORDERLY, SHOWS SIGNS OF THE STRUGGLE THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE. LEON LETS HIS GAZE WANDER ABOUT THE ROOM...STARING AT THE STAINED, AGED WALLPAPER WITH THE FADED, ONCE-GAY PATTERN... THE FOUR SAD WALLS...AS IF THEY MIGHT TELL HIM WHAT THEY'D WITNESSED BEFORE HE'D GOTTEN HOME. HE GLANCES QUICKLY INTO THE BATHROOM ACROSS THE HALL, STUDYING WHAT LIES THERE ON THE HARD COLD TILES. THE GORGE RISES IN HIS THROAT AND STICKS IN IT. HIS EYES DART TO HIS BROTHER...TO CHET'S TORN SHIRT AND THE SCRATCHES. CHET LOOKS UP AT LEON, TRYING TO READ WHAT IS IN HIS EYES, BUT THEY TELL HIM NOTHING. FINALLY CHET SCREAMS...

AREN'T YOU GOING TO YELL AT ME, LEON?
AREN'T YOU GOING TO GET MAD? DON'T
JUST STAND THERE! SAY SOMETHING!

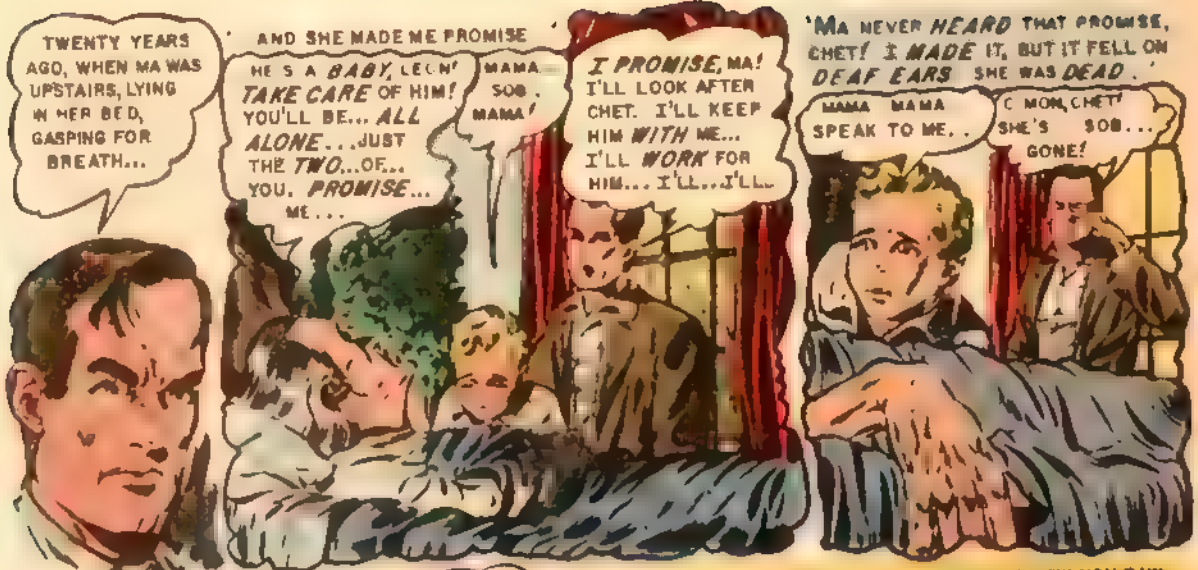


LEON'S FACE IS COLD. HIS MOUTH IS A GRIM TIGHT LINE. CHET SHUDDERS... LOOKING DOWN AT THE FLOOR...

WHY DON'T YOU HIT ME, LEON?
WHY DON'T YOU BEAT ME TO A
BLOODY PULP? WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR? WHAT ARE YOU
THINKING ABOUT?

I'M THINKING
ABOUT HOW THIS
WHOLE CRAZY
THING GOT STARTED.
I'M THINKING ABOUT
WHAT A FOOL I
WAS...TWENTY
YEARS AGO...





TWENTY YEARS AGO, WHEN MA WAS UPSTAIRS, LYING IN HER BED, GASPING FOR BREATH...

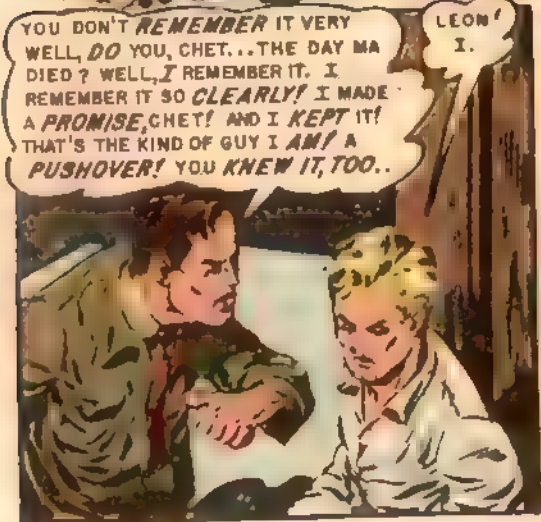
AND SHE MADE ME PROMISE HE'S A BABY, LEON! TAKE CARE OF HIM! YOU'LL BE... ALL ALONE... JUST THE TWO... OF... YOU. PROMISE... ME...

I PROMISE, MA! I'LL LOOK AFTER CHET. I'LL KEEP HIM WITH ME... I'LL WORK FOR HIM... I'LL... I'LL...

'MA NEVER HEARD THAT PROMISE, CHET! I MADE IT, BUT IT FELL ON DEAF EARS. SHE WAS DEAD...

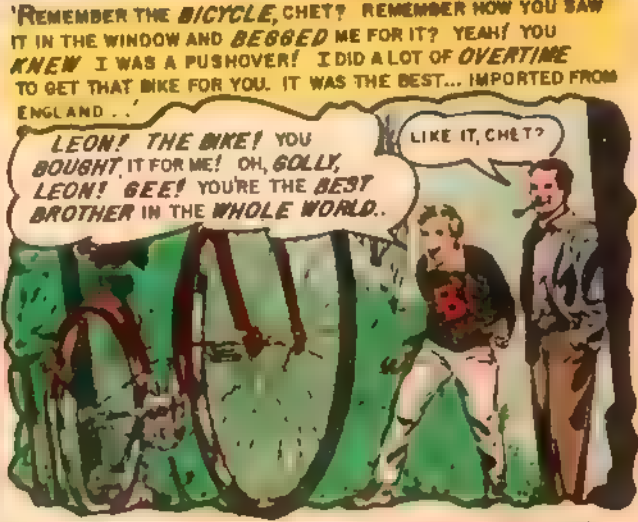
MAMA MAMA SPEAK TO ME...

C MON, CHET! SHE'S GONE! SOB...



YOU DON'T REMEMBER IT VERY WELL, DO YOU, CHET... THE DAY MA DIED? WELL, I REMEMBER IT. I REMEMBER IT SO CLEARLY! I MADE A PROMISE, CHET! AND I KEPT IT! THAT'S THE KIND OF GUY I AM! A PUSHOVER! YOU KNEW IT, TOO...

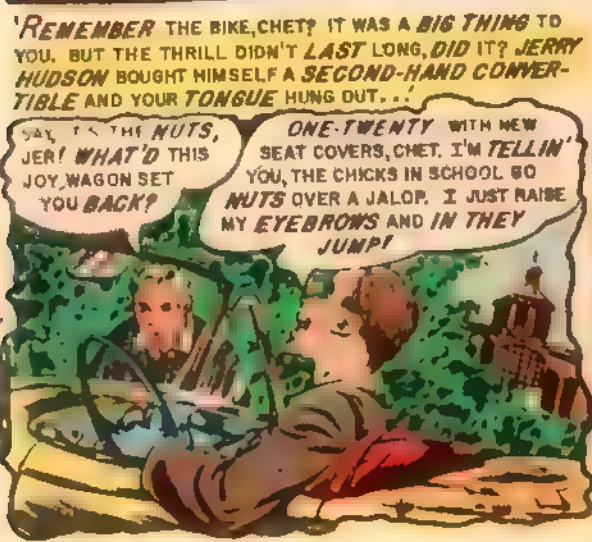
LEON! I.



'REMEMBER THE BICYCLE, CHET? REMEMBER HOW YOU SAW IT IN THE WINDOW AND BEGGED ME FOR IT? YEAH! YOU KNEW I WAS A PUSHOVER! I DID A LOT OF OVERTIME TO GET THAT BIKE FOR YOU. IT WAS THE BEST... IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND...

LEON! THE BIKE! YOU BOUGHT IT FOR ME! OH, GOLLY, LEON! GEE! YOU'RE THE BEST BROTHER IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

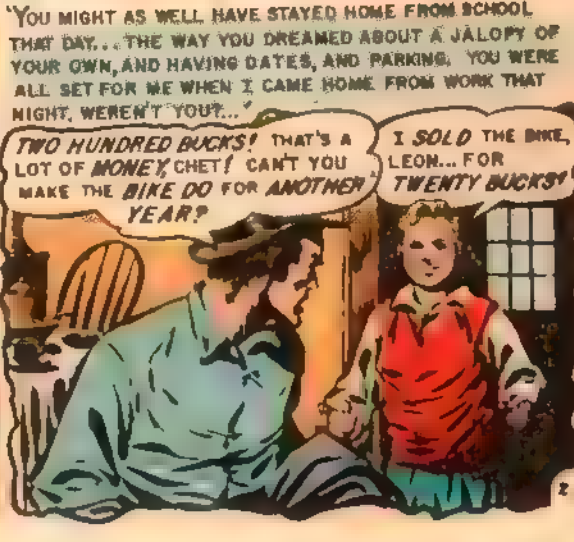
LIKE IT, CHET?



'REMEMBER THE BIKE, CHET? IT WAS A BIG THING TO YOU. BUT THE THRILL DIDN'T LAST LONG, DID IT? JERRY HUDSON BOUGHT HIMSELF A SECOND-HAND CONVERTIBLE AND YOUR TONGUE HUNG OUT...

SAY, IS THE NUTS, JER! WHAT'D THIS JOY WAGON SET YOU BACK?

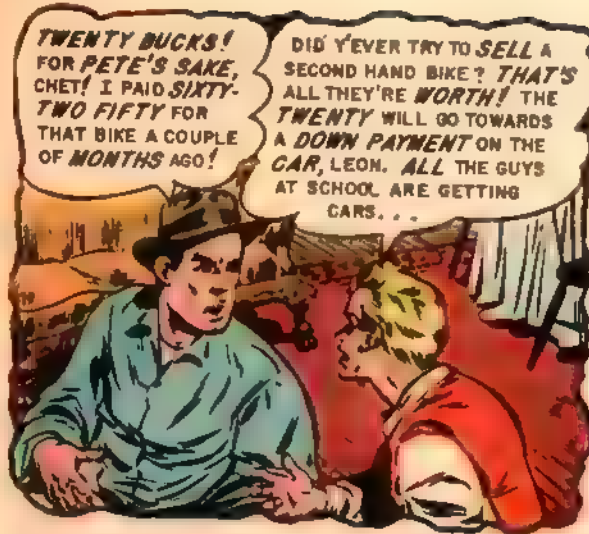
ONE TWENTY WITH NEW SEAT COVERS, CHET. I'M TELLIN' YOU, THE CHICKS IN SCHOOL GO NUTS OVER A JALOP. I JUST RAISE MY EYEBROWS AND IN THEY JUMP!



'YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE STAYED HOME FROM SCHOOL THAT DAY... THE WAY YOU DREAMED ABOUT A JALOPY OF YOUR OWN, AND HAVING DATES, AND PARKING. YOU WERE ALL SET FOR ME WHEN I CAME HOME FROM WORK THAT NIGHT, WEREN'T YOU...

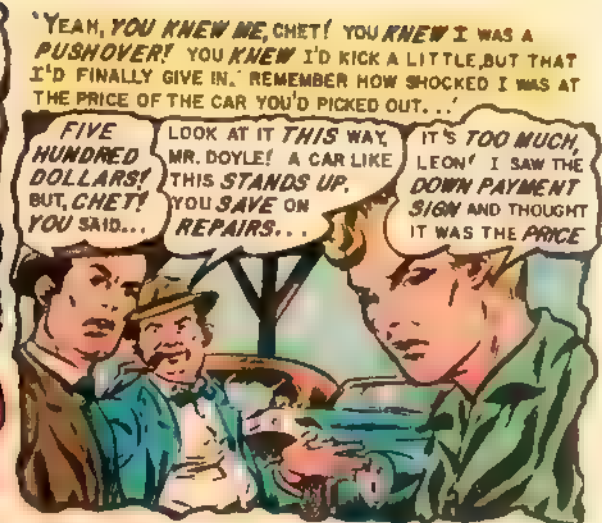
TWO HUNDRED BUCKS! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY, CHET! CAN'T YOU MAKE THE BIKE DO FOR ANOTHER YEAR?

I SOLD THE BIKE, LEON... FOR TWENTY BUCKS!



TWENTY BUCKS!
FOR PETE'S SAKE,
CHET! I PAID **SIXTY-
TWO FIFTY** FOR
THAT BIKE A COUPLE
OF MONTHS AGO!

DID Y'EVER TRY TO **SELL** A
SECOND HAND BIKE? **THAT'S**
ALL THEY'RE **WORTH!** THE
TWENTY WILL GO TOWARDS
A **DOWN PAYMENT** ON THE
CAR, LEON. ALL THE GUYS
AT SCHOOL ARE GETTING
CARS...

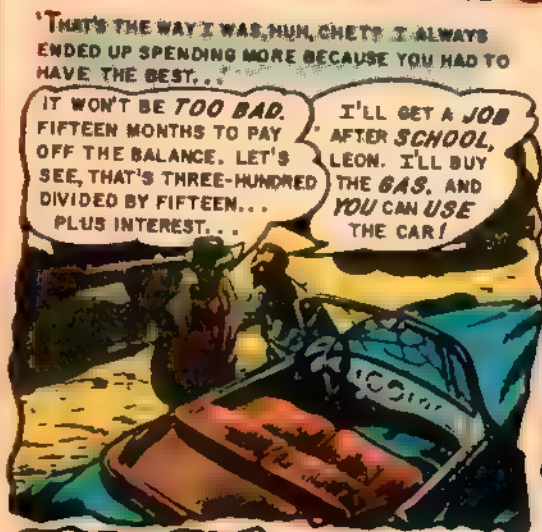


'**YEAH, YOU KNEW ME, CHET!** YOU **KNEW** I WAS A
PUSHOVER! YOU **KNEW** I'D KICK A LITTLE, BUT THAT
I'D FINALLY GIVE IN.' REMEMBER HOW SHOCKED I WAS AT
THE PRICE OF THE CAR YOU'D PICKED OUT...

**FIVE
HUNDRED
DOLLARS!**
BUT, **CHET!**
YOU SAID...

LOOK AT IT **THIS** WAY,
MR. DOYLE! A CAR LIKE
THIS STANDS UP.
YOU **SAVE** ON
REPAIRS...

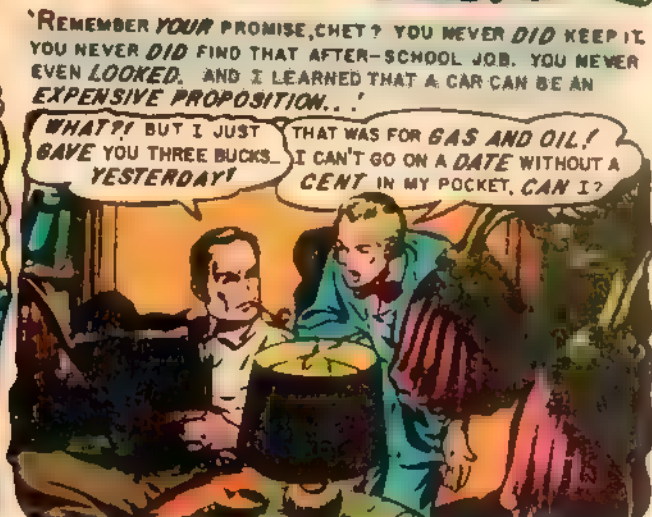
IT'S **TOO MUCH,**
LEON! I SAW THE
DOWN PAYMENT
SIGN AND THOUGHT
IT WAS THE **PRICE**



'**THAT'S THE WAY I WAS, HUH, CHET?** I ALWAYS
ENDED UP SPENDING MORE BECAUSE YOU HAD TO
HAVE THE BEST...

IT WON'T BE **TOO BAD.**
FIFTEEN MONTHS TO PAY
OFF THE BALANCE. LET'S
SEE, THAT'S THREE-HUNDRED
DIVIDED BY FIFTEEN...
PLUS INTEREST...

I'LL GET A **JOB**
AFTER SCHOOL,
LEON. I'LL BUY
THE **GAS,** AND
YOU CAN USE
THE CAR!



'REMEMBER **YOUR PROMISE, CHET?** YOU NEVER **DID** KEEP IT.
YOU NEVER **DID** FIND THAT AFTER-SCHOOL JOB. YOU NEVER
EVEN **LOOKED.** AND I LEARNED THAT A CAR CAN BE AN
EXPENSIVE PROPOSITION...

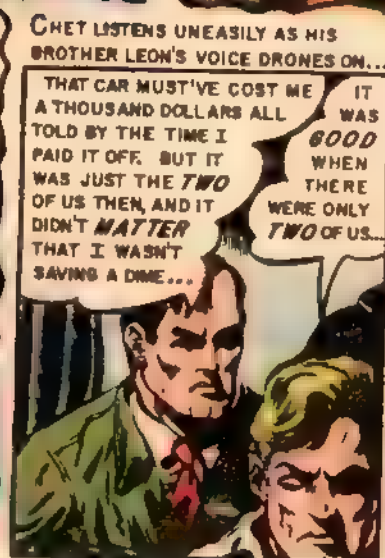
WHAT?! BUT I JUST
BAVE YOU THREE BUCKS
YESTERDAY!

THAT WAS FOR **GAS AND OIL!**
I CAN'T GO ON A DATE WITHOUT A
CENT IN MY POCKET, CAN I?



I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH
YOU, CHET! **NEW CLOTHES!**
TIRES! SPECIAL HUB
CAPS! DATES! I CAN'T...

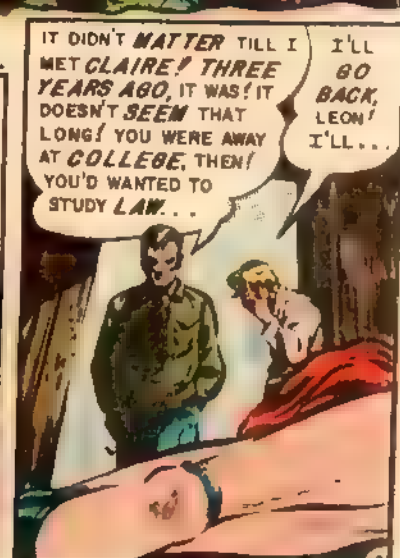
THANKS,
LEON!
I'LL BEE
YOU IN
THE
MORNING!



CHET LISTENS UNEASILY AS HIS
BROTHER LEON'S VOICE DRONES ON...

THAT CAR MUST'VE COST ME **IT**
A THOUSAND DOLLARS ALL **WAS**
TOLD BY THE TIME I **PAID**
IT OFF. BUT IT **WAS**
JUST THE **TWO**
OF US THEN, AND IT
DIDN'T **MATTER**
THAT I WASN'T
SAVING A DIME...

GOOD
WHEN
THERE
WERE
ONLY
TWO OF US...



IT DIDN'T **MATTER** TILL I
MET **CLAIRE!** **THREE**
YEARS AGO, IT WAS! IT
DOESN'T **SEEM** THAT
LONG! YOU WERE AWAY
AT **COLLEGE,** THEN!
YOU'D WANTED TO
STUDY **LAW...**

I'LL
GO
BACK,
LEON!
I'LL...

LEON LOOKS AWAY FROM THE BATHROOM WITH ITS COLD TILE FLOOR AND THE COLD BODY LYING THERE. HE LOOKS AT HIS BROTHER, AND A SHADOW DARKENS HIS FACE...

GO BACK? WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF WE COULD ALL GO BACK... YOU AND CLAIRE AND ME?

LEON, I COULDN'T HELP WHAT HAPPENED!



'SHE WAS TWENTY THREE WHEN I MET HER... SIX YEARS YOUNGER THAN I. IF EVEN THERE WERE TWO PEOPLE THAT WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER, IT WAS CLAIRE AND ME...

SO YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW GOOD I FELT WHEN I GOT THAT RAISE. IT MEANT CHET COULD GO TO COLLEGE.

HE MUST BE A WONDERFUL BOY FOR YOU TO BE SO GOOD TO HIM, LEON!



'CLAIRE WAS LIKE THAT, CHET! NO MATTER WHAT SHE MAY HAVE THOUGHT, SHE NEVER ONCE SUGGESTED THAT I WAS SPOILING YOU...

WELL, I'VE HAD TO BE BOTH FATHER AND MOTHER TO HIM, CLAIRE. IF I DIDN'T SEE TO IT HE GOT A BREAK, WHO WOULD?

YOU'RE A WONDERFUL PERSON, LEON!



'CLAIRE WAS SATISFIED JUST WALKING WITH ME. SHE KNEW I COULDN'T AFFORD TO TAKE HER OUT, WITH YOU IN COLLEGE...

IT MAY SOUND FUNNY FROM A GUY MY AGE, BUT YOU'RE THE FIRST GIRL I'VE... ER... GONE WITH. GUESS I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY.

I ONLY WENT WITH ONE OTHER MAN, LEON. HE TRIED TO GET FRESH WITH ME SO I STOPPED SEEING HIM...



'CLAIRE WAS A GOOD GIRL, CHET. THAT'S THE WAY I WANTED HER TO STAY. REMEMBER WHEN YOU MET HER? YOU'D COME HOME FROM COLLEGE FOR THE SUMMER VACATION...

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME! LEON... FINALLY... GOT HIMSELF A GIRL! WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME...

CLAIRE IS MAKING SOMETHING SPECIAL TO CELEBRATE YOUR HOMECOMING, CHET! SHE CAN REALLY COOK! WAIT! YOU'LL SEE...



'WHILE CLAIRE WAS OUT IN THE KITCHEN, I TOLD YOU ABOUT HER... HOW WE SAW EACH OTHER EVERY NIGHT... HOW SHE CAME TO THE HOUSE TWICE OR THREE TIMES A WEEK TO COOK FOR ME. ONLY YOU... YOU STARTED IMAGINING THINGS...

SO THAT'S HOW IT IS, EH, LEON?

THAT'S NOT HOW IT IS AT ALL, CHET! SHE COOKS! PERIOD! CLAIRE AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED...



'BUT MY NEWS MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO YOU... TO YOUR ATTITUDE. THE NEXT NIGHT, WHEN I GOT HOME FROM WORK, THERE WAS A NEW T.V. SET IN THE LIVING ROOM...

CRIPES, I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR CLAIRE AND ME TO GET MARRIED! THAT SET'LL COST ME MORE THAN I'VE GOT IN THE BANK...

I WAS JUST THINKING OF YOU, LEON. BUT IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, SEND IT BACK!



LEON'S VOICE FADES AND HE IS SILENT FOR A MOMENT. CHET WATCHES HIM FACE BACK AND FORTH.

LEON STOPS BEFORE HIM, AND CHET CAN SEE THE ANGER MOUNTING IN HIS FACE.

LEON TURNS AND LOOKS AGAIN AT THE BODY ON THE COLD HARD TILE FLOOR OF THE BATHROOM.

THAT T.V. SET WENT WITH YOU WHEN YOU WENT BACK TO COLLEGE. AND BEFORE I EVEN FINISHED PAYING FOR IT, YOU'D SOLD IT!

I NEEDED MONEY, LEON... I NEEDED IT QUICK! I

FOR SOME CHEAP DAME UP THERE! BECAUSE OF SOME CHEAP DAME, CLAIRE AND I HAD TO PUT OFF GETTING MARRIED...

I KNOW! YOU'VE GOT PLENTY TO BE MAD ABOUT, LEON.

YOU ALWAYS NEEDED SOMETHING! AND I NEVER REFUSED! CLAIRE AND I WERE CONSTANTLY PUTTING OFF OUR MARRIAGE. FOR THREE YEARS I KEPT HER WAITING BECAUSE OF YOU! FOR THREE YEARS! THEN YOU CAME HOME FROM COLLEGE! QUIT!

'YOU HAD PLANS. BIG PLANS. YOU STARTED TALKING FAST. BUT I WAS THROUGH...

SO THIS OTHER GUY AND I... WE SAT DOWN AND FIGURED OUT HOW IN A YEAR WE COULD PAY OFF A SERVICE STATION AND EVENTUALLY RUN IT INTO A CHAIN...

FINE, CHET! IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, GO TO IT! BUT DON'T EXPECT ANY MORE HELP FROM ME. I'M FINISHED! WHEN THAT COLLEGE MONEY IS REFUNDED, CLAIRE AND I ARE GOING TO...

'I DIDN'T HAVE TO FINISH! I COULD SEE IT IN YOUR FACE...

THE COLLEGE MONEY, CHET? WHERE IS IT? HAND IT OVER!

LOOK, LEON! I GOT IT BACK FROM THE BURSAR WHEN I HAD THIS CHANCE FOR A REAL BUY.

'IT WAS OUT THERE, PARKED AT THE CURB. ONE OF THOSE FANCY FOREIGN SPORT CARS

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT JOB COST NEW, LEON? SEVEN THOUSAND BUCKS! THREE YEARS AGO! I GOT IT FOR TWO! THE EIGHT HUNDRED I GOT BACK FROM COLLEGE AND THE TWO HUNDRED THEY ALLOWED ME FOR THE OLD HEAP

YOU... STILL OWE A THOUSAND DOLLARS ON IT...

'I TRIED TO SPEAK. TRIED TO GET MAD BUT THE WORDS WOULDN'T COME OUT. AND THEN CLAIRE PUT HER HAND ON MY SHOULDER

IT'S ALL RIGHT, LEON! I'LL WAIT!

AND IF I OWN MY OWN SERVICE STATION, LEON, REPAIRS AND GAS WON'T COST ME A CENT! RIGHT?

'SO CLAIRE AND I PUT OFF OUR WEDDING AGAIN. BUT IT WAS ALL JUST TALK. YOU NEVER DID ANYTHING ABOUT THAT SERVICE STATION. YOU WERE THE SAME OLD CHET. AND THAT EXPENSIVE CAR WAS EVERYTHING...

JUST THE DOWN PAYMENT FOR A RADIO, LEON. I'LL PAY OFF THE REST MYSELF WHEN I GET A JOB...



'YOU NEVER LOOKED FOR A JOB.

MR. WILSON SAID I COULD BRING IT TO YOUR OFFICE TO *SHOW* YOU, LEON. IT'S ON SALE! *TWELVE BUCKS!* ISN'T IT THE *SNAZZIEST HORN* YOU EVER SAW? I'VE JUST GOTTA HAVE IT.



'AND I KEPT SQUELLING OUT UNTIL CLAIRE PUT HER FOOT DOWN THAT WAS LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU ASKED ME FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS...

A *STERLING SILVER HOOD ORNAMENT* FOR HIS CAR? NO, LEON! YOU GIVE HIM THE MONEY, AND I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, CHET!



'YOU WERE STUNNED, WEREN'T YOU, CHET? IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D EVER REFUSED YOU ANYTHING! MAYBE THAT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED THIS AFTERNOON. MAYBE IT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED ANYHOW. YOU CAME HOME AND FOUND CLAIRE HERE... ALONE. AND YOU *WANTED HER TOO...*

I *DON'T DRINK*, CHET. NOW, CHET! STOP IT! STOP...

IF YOU WON'T HAVE A DRINK WITH ME, HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE KISS?



'SO YOU TOOK HER.

YOU'RE *BEAUTIFUL*, CLAIRE!

DON'T CHET! PLEASE DON'T! GASP... OH, CHET! NO...



'LATER, WHEN YOU LOOKED FOR HER, YOU COULDN'T FIND HER...

CLAIRE? CLAIRE, WHERE ARE YOU?



'UNTIL YOU CAME TO THE BATHROOM AND SAW HER LYING ON THE COLD WHITE TILE FLOOR WITH THE IODINE STAINS AROUND HER MOUTH AND THE MEDICINE CABINET OPEN AND THE EMPTY IODINE BOTTLE IN THE SINK. YOU SAW HER AGONY-TWISTED FACE AND KNEW THAT SHE WAS DEAD.



LEON STANDS OVER HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, AND THERE IS A FLAMING RAGE BURNING IN HIS EYES...



I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING, CHET! WHAT I DIDN'T GIVE, YOU TOOK!

... A RAGE THAT SEEMS TO BURN BRIGHTER AND WILDER...



NO! I DIDN'T GIVE YOU EVERYTHING, DID I? YOU WANTED A HOOD ORNAMENT FOR YOUR CAR!

LEON! I...

... WILDER AND Madder EACH MINUTE...



I NEVER COULD REFUSE YOU, CHET! YOU'LL HAVE THAT ORNAMENT FOR YOUR CAR!

BEFORE LONG, LEON DOYLE IS TEARING ALONG THE HIGHWAY, FEELING THE WARMTH OF CHET'S BODY BESIDE HIM, AND LEON IS LAUGHING A MANIACAL KIND OF LAUGH.



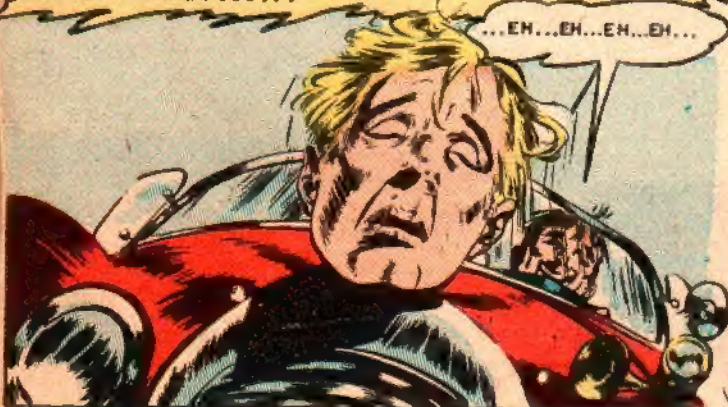
I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANTED, CHET! I EVEN GAVE YOU GLAIRE! AND NOW... EH... EH... YOU'VE GOT YOUR ORNAMENT! EH... EH! LIKE IT, CHET? LIKE IT?

BUT CHET'S BODY IS SILENT! HE DOESN'T ANSWER LEON'S QUESTION! HOW CAN HE...?



LIKE THE HOOD ORNAMENT, CHET? EH... EH... EH... EH...

FOR CHET'S EYES ARE CLOSED TO THE SIGHT OF THE ROAD FLYING AT HIM, HIS EARS ARE DEAF TO THE ROAR OF THE ENGINE. HE DOES NOT FEEL THE WIND RUSHING BY HIS HEAD WHERE LEON HAS FASTENED IT SECURELY TO THE HOOD...



... EH... EH... EH... EH...

HEE, HEE! WELL, CREEPS? THAT'S THE YARN! DOESN'T THAT TOP 'EM ALL? ANYWAY, IT PUTS THE LID ON C.K.'S PERVERTED PERIODICAL FOR THIS ISSUE! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE VAULT OF HORROR, BY THE WAY! DID YOU HEAR DE ONE ABOUT DE HEADLESS BODY THAT GOT SICK ON A BOTTLE OF POP BECAUSE... GET, DIS... DE CAR, IT ATE! HEE, HEE! AND YOU'LL EAT UP ALL THE CAP YOU GET FROM THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB. SEE THE AD FOR THE INFO. DON'T FORGET! ENJOY YOURSELF! NO ONE ELSE DOES! 'BYE, NOW!

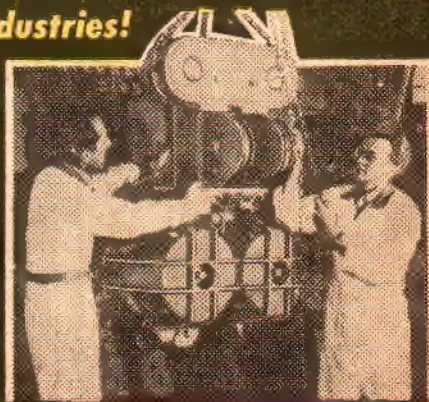


GET SHOP-METHOD HOME TRAINING

for **SUCCESS** in Today's Top Industries!



SEND COUPON
TODAY
for **FREE**
BOOK and
COMPLETE
SAMPLE LESSON!



RADIO-TELEVISION & ELECTRONICS OR AUTOMOTIVE-DIESEL & ALLIED MECHANICS

Like a business of your own... or a good job with a big firm... and get paid for what you know? Shop-Method Home Training in Radio, Television, Electronics will bring you the job... money... you've always wanted. 105 million Radios, 3100 stations... 16 million TV sets, over 100 TV stations... many more, now Govt. restrictions are off. Defense industries want trained men for interesting, good pay jobs. Get into this opportunity-making industry... advance fast. Find out how... mail coupon... **TODAY!**

I GIVE YOU STANDARD PARTS! INCLUDING TUBES!

—they are yours to keep. You actually learn by doing, build generators, receivers, a big Super-Het radio.

THIS PROFESSIONAL FACTORY-MADE MULTI-TESTER IS YOURS!



Valuable equipment every Radio-TV man needs. Yours to keep!

BOTH RESIDENT AND HOME STUDY COURSES OFFERED!

LET NATIONAL SCHOOLS of Los Angeles, California, a Resident Trade School for almost 30 years, train you at home for today's unlimited opportunities. Pick your industry—mail coupon below now!

EARN EXTRA MONEY WHILE YOU LEARN!

I show you how to earn extra money while learning! Many men have paid for their entire course in this way. You can, too. Remember: Shop-Method Home Training covers every phase of the industry—in an interesting step-by-step way. Why wait—take the first step to success—mail the coupon today!

DRAFT AGE? Training helps you get the service branch you want, advance fast. That means higher pay and grade, more prestige—right away! Don't take a chance—mail coupon now!

These courses also offered in Spanish and Portuguese.

Want to be your own boss... or get into booming industries? 8 million older cars need big, profitable services and repairs. Farm machinery is going Diesel. Defense industry begs for more and more trained mechanics for high-pay jobs. National Schools Shop-Method Home Training prepares you for all Automotive, Diesel, Allied Mechanics opportunities. Helps you get the security, good pay you've always wanted. Send coupon for your Free Book and Sample Lesson now!

I GIVE YOU THE TOOLS OF YOUR TRADE!

Big professional-quality kit of tools of your trade—and all-metal tool box. All yours to keep—part of your course; they help make your training more practical—start you off right!



NATIONAL SCHOOLS

Technical Trade Training Since 1905
LOS ANGELES 37, CALIFORNIA
In Canada: 811 West Hastings Street, Vancouver, B. C.



DON'T PUT IT OFF GET THE BIG SALARY YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED!

GET FACTS FASTEST! MAIL TO OFFICE NEAREST YOU!

(mail in envelope or paste on postal card)

NATIONAL SCHOOLS, Dept. 1P-24

4000 S. Figueroa Street or 323 West Polk Street
Los Angeles 37, Calif. Chicago 7, Ill.

Please rush Free Book & Sample Lesson checked below. No obligation, no salesman will call.

☐ "My Future in Radio-Television & Electronics"
☐ "My Future in Automotive-Diesel & Allied Mechanics"

NAME _____ BIRTHDAY _____ 19____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if interested in Resident School Training at Los Angeles.
VETERANS: Give Date of Discharge _____

Send for my **FREE** Outfit and start a **Quick-Cash** spare time Shoe Business!

Complete Starting Outfit Sent FREE!
DeLuxe Sample Kit
Worth \$35
Loaned Without Cost to Qualified Men Everywhere

Just 2 Sales a Day Brings You up to \$217 EXTRA a Month!



We Show You How To Do It!

Now, without spending one cent, you can start a spare-time Shoe Business that brings in exciting cash profits every month! My powerful Selling Outfit makes it **easy**. Just take 2 orders a day for our fine, Nationally-Advertised shoes and you earn up to **\$217.50 extra** a month! You also get chances to win valuable free prizes.

EVERYBODY Wears Shoes!

Here's the perfect business, because **EVERYONE** you know can be a customer! Just show friends, relatives, neighbors, people where you work, how Mason Velvet-ez Air Cushion shoes let them "Walk on Air". That's **REAL** comfort!

As the Mason Shoe Counselor you give people the **EXACT** style, size and width they order because you draw on our giant stock of 200,000 pairs in sizes 2 1/4 to 15, widths AAAA to EEEE. Customers choose from over 160 different styles—dress, sport and work styles for men and women, including air-cooled Nylon Mesh shoes, also work shoes with special built-in comfort and safety features. You'll be **EXCITED** the way people stuff steady cash profits in your pocket for extra-comfortable Mason shoes!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
 DEPT. MA-227, CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

Mason Shoes Can Be Bought Only From YOU!

Because we do not sell Mason Velvet-ez shoes in stores, people must buy these TV-advertised shoes with the famed Good Housekeeping Seal **ONLY FROM YOU**... and **keep** buying from you! ★ Right now, during our Golden Anniversary year, is the perfect time to get started. Just mail the coupon and I'll rush your money-making **FREE** Starting Outfit. The Professional Sample Outfit pictured above is sent to qualified men without a penny's cost! Send **today** and start earning exciting cash profits **RIGHT AWAY!**



RUSH FOR FREE OUTFIT!

MR. NED MASON
MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. MA-227
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Please rush my 50th Anniversary **FREE** Selling Outfit so I can start making up to **\$217 EXTRA** a month and **more RIGHT AWAY!**

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN STATE



BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN! The World Is On FIRE

Serve The LORD and You Can Have These

Prizes!

**YOU CAN
MAKE MONEY
TOO!**

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page ... or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, and many others ... all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest they have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35¢ ... sell on sight. Secure big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling few as **one set** of 24 Mottos. Big Prize catalog sent **Free!** Serve the LORD and earn prizes you want.

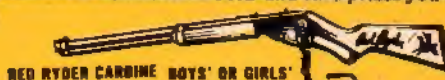


WRIST
WATCHES FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS



ROY ROGERS
FLASH
CAMERA

GABBY HAYES
FISHING KIT



RED RYDER CARBINE BOYS' OR GIRLS' BICYCLE



VANITY SET



TEXAN JR.
GUITAR

ROY ROGERS
BINOCULARS



ALSO UKELELE
WITH ARTHUR
GODFREY PLAYER

RADIO RECEIVING
SET FOR SCOUTS



WALKING
DOLL



HUNTING KNIFE
AND AX



RADIUM DIAL
POCKET
WATCH

ARCHERY SET



FOOTBALL



JOE DI MAGGIO
BASEBALL SET



TWO GUN
HOLSTER SET



ROY ROGERS OR
DALE EVANS
LAMP



DICK TRACY CAMERA



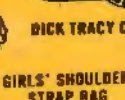
CHEMISTRY SET



REG. SIZE
BASKET-
BALL AND
RING



TYPEWRITER



GIRLS' SHOULDER
STRAP BAG



WHITE ZIPPER
BIBLE



WOODBURNING SET



ROLLER
SKATES

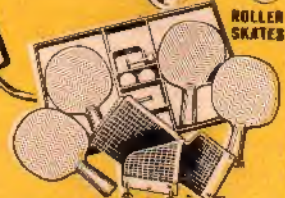


TABLE TENNIS SET

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Flush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size, 9x11, richly decorated Mottos **ON TRUST**. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to **EARN MONEY**, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send **TODAY** for 24 Mottos **ON TRUST** and big **PRIZE CATALOG FREE**.

The FUNman, Dept. D-161, FREE BIG PRIZE
4549 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35¢ each. Also include big Prize Catalog **Free**. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a prize or keep cash commission, as explained under description of prize in **BIG PRIZE CATALOG**. PRINT BELOW.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET or R.F.D. _____

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Save 1 cent filling in, pasting and mailing this coupon on a 2¢ Postcard today.

FREE!

**MEMBERSHIP in the
FUNman's Fun Club**

Just mail coupon below now and we'll send you 24 Religious Mottos **ON CREDIT**. Easy to sell — you get valuable prizes. **EXTRA!** If you sell mottos and send payment within 15 days you receive **FREE** Membership in the **FUNman's Fun Club**. A membership card, certificate, giant packet of fun materials all yours **PLUS** extra surprises!

SEND NO MONEY... We Trust You